Wassail

The Book of Toasts

Waes Hael

O little booke, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thyself in prees for drede?

CHAUCER.

Waes Hael

Toasts old and new
Toasts grave and gay
Toasts for today
And yesterday

Waes Hael

THE BOOK OF TOASTS

Being, for the most part, bubbles gathered from the wine of others' wit, with, here and there, an occasional humbler globule believed to be more or less original.

EDITHE LEA CHASE

AND

CAPT. W. E. P. FRENCH, U. S. A.

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt"

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THIS VOLUME IS

DEDICATED TO NOAH

Who probably originated the idea

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink!"

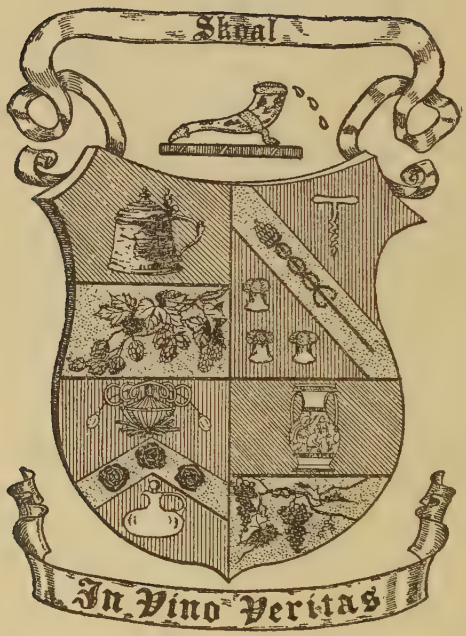
Here's a bumper of wine; fill thine, fill mine: —
Here's a health to old Noah, who planted the vine!

Richard Harris Barham.

You raised the grapes and you raised the vine,
And, later, you raised — well, a high old shine,—
Sure, the memory thereof liveth yet.
Now the wine you vinted was probably dry
(Though a Port you'd have greatly liked to try
When you cruised 'neath that very leaky sky),
But it was not Rhenish, it's safe to bet,
For you must have longed for a change of wet.

In no aqueous punch your health we'll quaff
(Banished are siphon, jug, pitcher, caraffe),
With no touch of water — of H_2O
(Accursed protoxide — don't you think so? —
Except when the water-of-life's the brew); —
So, as in the spirit we drink to you,
The soul of wine must the medium be; —
We pledge you in ponies of *eau-de-vie.*

W. E. P. French.


Skoal
In Vino Veritas

THE ARMS OF THE FAMILY OF WASSAIL

The arms, originally assumptive and allusive, of Gambrinus, Bacchus, Harpocrates, and Noah became, through succession and concession and by alliance and adoption, the hereditary quarterings of the ancient family of Wes Hal, Waes Hael, Wessel, Wassaile or Wassail.

Quarterly, first, party per fess, *vert* and *or;* chief a stein half-opened *or,* base a hop vine *proper;* second, *gules,* on a bend *or* a thyrsus *proper;* chief a corkscrew *or,* base three corks *or,* erect, bend-wise, one and two; third, *gules,* on a chevron *or* three roses *gules;* chief a distillatory double-armed with two worms and a bolt-receiver on fire, base a spirit-jug *or;* fourth, party per fess *vert* and *or;* chief an amphora *or,* base a cluster of grapes and vine leaves *proper.* Motto: *In Vino Veritas.*

Crest, upon a cushion *gules* and *or,* a drinking-horn *proper,* embowed, legged *or,* crowned with red wine from which fall three *gouttes de vin.* Motto: *Skoal.* The legend of the crest and the crest-motto is as follows:

When time was young, Sigurd, the Volsung, Prince of the Sunlight, sang to the harp in the Palace of Ginki, King of the Niblungs, and Grimhild, the Queen, brought to Sigurd a magic drinking-horn filled with the wine of forgetfulness. And he drank to her the toast of the Gods and the Northmen, — "Skoal," — and forgetting Brynhild, whom he loved, he laid his heart at the feet of Gudrud, Princess of the Niblungs, and bound the drinking-horn upon his helmet as a crest.

W. E. P. French.

THE INVOCATION TO THE CRITIC

"In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."

POPE.

Prostrate, with heads abased, and arms outspread,
Our noses grov'ling humbly in the dust;
Upon our slavish necks thy lordly shoon;
Thine incandescent intellect, above
Our worm-like forms, filling the startled air
With the consuming lightnings of thy wit;
We snivel, "They that are about to die
Salute thee, Mightiest!" Then, from the lees,
We lap a little wine to thy great self.

W. E. P. French.

THE HONORARIUM AND APOLOGY

(With thanks and excuses to Mr. Kipling and to others.)

"*Most authors steal their works, or buy;*
Garth did not write his own Dispensary."

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
'E'd seen folks drink on land and sea,
An' toasts he thought 'e might require
'E would 'ave took — the same as we.

No matter what you think or guess,
Keep mum, say nothin' (do it too);
Just wink an' drink to our success: —
'Ere's our good 'ealth — the same to you!

You know we've stole; we know you know;
But we don't care one little cuss.
The second thief's claim's better; so,
Take what *you* will — the same as us.

W. E. P. French.

THE OBLATION

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine.

Milton.

Come thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round.

Shakespeare.

BROACHING THE CASK

"*At the beginning of the cask and at the end take thy fill; but be saving in the middle; for at the bottom saving comes too late.*" HESIOD.

This is the thing from which all men run, but none read — the prelude, the exordium. Yet, must we proceed "decently and in order," for it is meet — nay, in this connection, *drink* — so, let us say both meet and drink — to untie the wine-skin, to unseal the amphora, to tap the keg, to unstopper the decanter, to draw the cork, before we crown the cup. When Telemachus went to draw the wine for his voyage, he descended to the "high-roofed chamber," where, amidst chests of gold and jars of oil,

> "Many a cask with season'd nectar fill'd,
> The grape's pure juice divine, beside the wall
> Stood waiting, orderly arranged."

The custom of drinking healths is probably nearly as old as primeval man; it rationally began in the period of inarticulate speech; and, doubtless, our simian ancestors swung gracefully by their tails and gallantly drank palm-wine from a cocoanut to the fair objects of their devotion caudally suspended from neighboring limbs.

But history gives the credit to the Greeks, and, oddly enough, from a manuscript of hoary antiquity, unquestioned authenticity, and unimpeachable veracity, now in our possession, we purpose, presently, to prove beyond all peradventure of carping criticism that to the divinities of the Hellenic world belongs the honor of having sponsored the charming custom. Authority can go no further.

The first toast — of obligation apparently — with the Greeks was "The Gods," and this appears to have obtained among the Normans, the Norsemen, the Danes, and nearly all the nations of Northern Europe. It was a survival presumably of the ancient "drink offering" to tutelary deities, and in the nature of an appeasing sacrifice.

Both the early Greeks and Romans cherished a curious belief regarding the future state, which was, in effect, that the soul in the nether world, if in life it had not offended the majesty of the gods, occupied itself with the shadowy similitude of its favorite pursuits while on earth. Thus, in the land of shades, the friends of Horace will join him still in bumpers — the "crowned cups" of Athenæus — of Falernian, Chian, and "four-year-old Massic"; but drinkers and cups and wine will be alike the shadows of dreams.

In the mystic notation of ancient Rome, three and nine were sacred numbers; and Horace as *symposiarch*, or *arbiter-bibendi* (titles analogous to our King of the Revel and Toast-Master), was wont to command, "Let

our goblets be mixed with three or with nine cups, according to the temperaments of those who drink," which prescribed the proportions of wine to water. For hard drinkers, among whom Horace classed the poets, there were to be nine *cyathi*, or measures of wine, to three of water; while for the more temperate the ratio was reversed in the twelve cups that made a Sextarius (what we should call a punch or sangaree), from which was filled the *poculum*, or goblet, of the guest.

Early in the sixteenth century, toasts of bread were added to sack or bowls of wassail, and it is related that the guest of honor ate these *croutons*. The name is derived from this practice.

In the seventeenth century, the fashion was prevalent of dubbing the woman whose health was drunk as a "toast," — the crisp and piquant crust that gave savour and zest to the brew.

In the *Tatler* there is a quaint story of the time of Charles II, when it was the mode for women of quality to bathe publicly in elegant toilets made for the purpose, which runs as follows: —

"It happen'd that on a publick day a celebrated beauty of those times (of Charles II) was in the Cross-Bath (at Bath), and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, tho' he liked not the liquor, he would have the *toast* (making an allusion to the usage of the times

of drinking with a toast at the bottom of the glass). Tho' he was opposed in his resolution, this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a *toast*."

In France there used to be a curious ceremony called the *Test of the Supernaculum*, in which the glass, after drinking, was inverted, with its brim resting on the thumb-nail. If a drop, or bead, only remained, the bumper had been fairly drained, but if enough was left to flow over the nail, another full goblet must be quaffed.

The Dutch were in the fore-front of the bibulous host, and "Op Zee," meaning "over-sea," is the parent of "half seas over."

"Carouse" is derived from a huge Danish drinking-glass called "rouse."

It is a sore temptation, O thirsty reader, to drag thee to the feasts of Horace, and to regale thee with Homeric legend; to hurl Latin hexameter at thine unoffending head and make thine ears ring with the thunder of Hellenic verse. But thou growest restive, — even as Horace when the historical dissertation of Telephus delayed the feast, — and, fancying thyself symposiarch, thou issuest edict of the number of cups in honor of Night and of Night's queen, the Moon, bidding the music begin and ordering the roses to be scattered. So, we spare thee, submitting only a crude translation of the incomparable screed, which writ on crumbling parchment and enclosed in a Tyrian wine-vase, was discovered by a friend of

ours, whose name we are not at liberty to make public, amidst the ruins of the Pantheon.

Give ear to The Loving Cup of Ganymede:

In sulky silence Aphrodite lay
Upon the bosom of a sun-kissed cloud
Which o'er Olympus floated lazily,
While near her Eros fed her doves and played
Amid the heaped profusion of love's loot;
Ensanguined spoils of war by Ares giv'n;
Strange treasures of the deep, Poseidon's gifts;
Big-bellied amphoræ of Pramnian,
To tempt her love by Dionysos brought;
Rich, massy chains of silver, gold and steel,
Wrought by Hephæstos for his faithless spouse;
Æolian harps of tree-trunks strung with vines,
Tuned to mad melodies of vast unrest,
And set to wordless harmonies of pain
In the four keys of their wild makers —
Songs of the Winds, in lightning writ on clouds.
Idly she mused on that great morn, when all
The wond'ring hosts of water, earth and air
Beheld the mighty marvel of her birth,
When the great Sea, smiling in motherhood,
Cradled her first-born on th' enamored waves.
Again she saw Poseidon tear a shell,
With pearl encrusted, from the shimm'ring depths,
Fill from the swirling billow that rushed by,
Spill the libation, blow the spume away,

Apostrophize the ocean as a bowl,
Its swift, resistless tides as flowing wine,
Crushed in the wine-press of the Demiurge
From the great, purple grape men call the world,
And drink to her — the first toast of the gods.
Weary of these divine ones and the lures
By which they sought to snare her fickle heart,
Her thoughts flew back to her two mortal loves, —
Anchises, boaster of her favors, blind,
Adonis, dead — and the anemone,
Born of his blood, would bloom not till the spring.
To her, still brooding, wingeth Ganymede,
Bearing on high a goblet subtly wrought,
Twin-handled, scintillant with gems and gold,
Brimmed with its glowing liquid, — a " crowned cup "
Fecund with fragrance, beaded, exquisite, —
" Rich, unadulterate, fit drink for gods."
Then from the face of love's and beauty's queen
The dark frown faded, and the wondrous eyes
Grew soft as summer sunshine after rain;
The red lips parted, and the flower mouth
Dimpled with happy laughter like a child's;
While o'er her cheek the rosy color played,
As steals the flush upon the brow of Dawn
At wak'ning kiss of her Love-Lord the Sun.
To her thus Ganymede:
" Paphian Goddess and Queen,
Immortal, effulgent, resistless!
Lo! I have worshipped thee long,

And served thee in silence adoring.
Far I have sought for this cup
Whose contents are true Maronean,
Cooled by the ice of the pole
And tinctured with spice of equator.
See, the green lime lurketh there,
And orange and spray of verbena.
Drink, O Queen! O Divine One! —
But, first, I pray, send away Eros."
Ah! how alluring her smile,
As she kissed the cup before pledging.
Then, in whisper entrancing:
"Let the boy stay. Henceforward,
When man and maid gather together,
Eros shall always be there —
The third — but the only exception
To the rule of all lovers
That three is a crowded assembly.
For love, for love's sake, is blind, —
And all through the wine-glass see darkly."

May we not write "quod erat demonstrandum"? For the proof of the wine is in the drinking — not in chewing the cork of contention.

And, now, in *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*, comes "the sound of a voice that is still," and kindly, genial Eugene Field gives us a toast to thee, O reader:

"And, lo, sweet friend! behold this cup,
Round which the garlands intertwine;
With Massic it is foaming up,
And we would drink to thee and thine.
And of the draft thou shalt partake."

W. E. P. French.

In Bumpers

When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass every day after dinner — *Au bon père :* whence bumper.

Cocchi.

THE UNIVERSAL TOAST

Observe, when Mother Earth is dry
She drinks the droppings of the sky,
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors which at evening weep
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking,
I'll make the law of Nature mine,
And pledge the Universe in wine.

Tom Moore.

TO OPS

We owe to Nature, Mother of us all,
Whate'er we have of life or joy or wealth: —
Shall we not, therefore, whatsoe'er befall,
In her rich bounty pledge her gracious health?

Breathing by thy behest
Nourished on thy brown breast,
In the drink each loves best
Make we oblation.
Thine altar's everywhere,
Thirst is thy call to prayer,
Moist'ning our clay we share
This thy libation.

W. E. P. French.

HUMANITY

I am a citizen of the world.

Diogenes.

For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that —
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Robert Burns.

My country is the world.

Thos. Paine.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind,
And pledge me in the generous toast —
The whole of human kind!

Robert Burns.

My countrymen are mankind.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

A white man's chance to each and all.

French.

IN BUMPERS

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will run
Even faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
Here's to the poet who sings — here's to the warrior who fights —
Here's to the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men's rights.

Thomas Moore.

LABOR

Labor Omnia Vincit.

Virgil.

The labor we delight in, physics pain.

Shakespeare.

Toil is the lot of all, and bitter woe
The fate of many.

Bryant's Homer's Iliad.

Such hath it been — shall be — beneath the sun
The many still must labor for the one.

Byron.

Let us drink to the time when one shall work for all and all for one. *French.*

No one bull-dog yet could eat
Any other bull-dog's meat;
If you have a good-sized bone,
Let the other dog alone.

Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles. *Channing.*

IN BUMPERS

Here's to the brotherhood and union of Brawn and Brain, of Muscle and Mind, of Thews and Thought — the only true co-partnership of Labor and Capital.

French.

Without Labor there were no ease, no Rest so much as conceivable. *Carlyle.*

To the noblest rule of human action ever enunciated.

> "From each according to his ability,
> To each according to his need."

In gall and wormwood, tinctured with a curse,
Bitter with gold law-filched from work's scant purse,
Salt with the tears through toil-strained eyelids shed,
Acrid with sweat greed-gathered from the dead,
Tainted with blood war-sucked by ruthless Might
To scepter Wrong upon the grave of Right: —
In this hell-brew let's spill libation,
With wish that swift and sure damnation
May blast the brain and hand that wrote
The dastard sentence, "Labor is a commodity."

French.

AMERICA

America! half-brother of the world.

One Freeman more. America, to thee!

Byron.

I am not a Virginian, but an American.

Patrick Henry.

"Our National Paradox — The American Eagle:
A bird of freedom that permits no liberties."

"Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight — let come what may,
The Stars and Stripes forever.

A Venus born from ocean's bed — Columbia.

Land of the forest and the rock
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared on high to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock
My own green land for ever.

Longfellow.

The Republic can never fail so long as the Citizen is vigilant. *William McKinley.*

"No solid South, no solid North, save when solid for the flag of the Union." *William McKinley.*

Like them let us fill and drink and sing
To all who our State are aiding,
To Commerce that all our wealth does bring,
And every branch of our trading.

So whatever in peace be our wrangles and jars,
When war fills the nation with slaughter,
Whether British or Yankees, our soldiers and tars,
Will remember "Blood's thicker than Water."

So it has been, and it will e'er be so,
While yet a drop of blood is in thy veins,
So long the Stars and Stripes shall proudly glow
In glorious triumph over broken chains.

The Freaks.

May Columbia's brave defenders
Ever stand for the good of her cause;
While such we can toast them, no rogues or pretenders,
Can injure our dear constitution or laws.

The sacred decree of Heaven — let all mankind be free.

Here's to Columbia, free laws and a free church,
From their blessings may plotters be left in the lurch;
Give us pure candidates and a pure ballot-box,
And our freedom shall stand as firm as the rocks.

The Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on for ever.

The U stands for the Union eternal,
The S for the Stripes and Stars,
The A for our Army undefeated,
The victor in a dozen wars;
The U stands for our "Uncle Sammy,"
The S for our Ships in stern array,
The A for the Almighty One who guards us —
That's the meaning of U. S. A.

The Boundaries of Our Country—East, by the Rising Sun; north, by the North Pole; west, by all Creation; and south, by the Day of Judgment.

My native land! I turn to you
With blessing and with prayer;
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome — foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

Morris.

America! the sound is like a sword
To smite the oppressor! like a loving word
To cheer the suffering people, . . .
O, ever thus, America, be strong, —
Like cataract's thunder pour the Freeman's song,
Till struggling Europe joins the grand refrain;
And startled Asia bursts the despot's chain;
And Afric's manumitted sons, from thee
To their own Fatherland shall bear the song,
— Worth all their toil and tears — of Liberty:
For these good deeds, America, be strong!

Mrs. Hale.

And thou, my Country, thou shalt never fall
But with thy children.

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

"The American Eagle — Who would attempt the familiarity of putting salt upon his venerable tail?"

Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong. *Commodore Stephen Decatur.*

He who loves not his country can love nothing.
Byron.

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught or other reason why.
Hallock.

My country! ay, thy sons are proud,
True heirs of freedom's glorious dower,
For never here has knee been bow'd
In homage to a mortal power!
Mrs. Hale.

Columbia, child of Britain, — noblest child;
I praise the growing lustre of thy youth,
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled
To love the mother of so blest a birth:
For we are one, Columbia! still the same
In lineage, language, laws and ancient fame,
The natural nobility of earth.
Tupper.

Our Country, our whole country,
And nothing but our country.
Daniel Webster.

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise, —
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet, and out come the claws!

O. W. Holmes.

The President — His rights and no more.

Columbia to Her Sons

I have heroes by name a-plenty; —
My laurel crowns many a head; —
But, now, I drink from a mother's heart
To my gallant and unknown dead.
Ay, I drink it in wine of Cyprus,
With my head and my heart bowed low —
Dear dead of to-day and yesterday,
Honored dead of the long ago!
There are pride and tears in the cup, boys,
And a mother's love for her sons —
My heroes with shovel and musket,
And my brave hearts behind the guns!
With a smile and a sob, I drink it: —
To my lads under ocean's waves,
To my sailors, marines and stokers,
To my soldiers in unknown graves!

W. E. P. French.

The President: May he always be the chief Executive of the Nation and never the mere representative of a political party.

To insure perpetuation
To this great and happy nation,
'Tis the greatest demonstration,
To give each generation,
Of every rank and station,
A liberal education.

Hail, Liberty, supreme delight,
Thou idol of the mind!
O'er every clime extend thy light
The world range unconfin'd.
The virtuous, the just, the brave,
Exist alone with thee!
Nature ne'er meant to form a slave,
Her birth-right's liberty.

Thomas Paine.

To the Golden-Rod — the flower of the Republic, which blooms in every state and whose color is in the fringe about our flag.

THE UNION

A star for every State and a State for every star!
Robt. C. Winthrop.

New England

Where Hubbard squash 'nd huckleberries grow to powerful size,
And everything is orthodox from preachers down to pies.
Eugene Field.

The Wild and Woolly West

Give me no home 'neath the pale pink dome of European skies,
No cot for me by the salmon sea that far to the southward lies;
But away out West I would build my nest on top of a carmine hill,
Where I could paint, without restraint, creation redder still!

Eugene Field.

Alabama

Here's a glass to Alabama,
Where the latch-string's always out.
Make it bumpers, leave no heel-taps;
She's all right, beyond a doubt.

French.

Arkansas

No matter how we spell her name,
We pronounce it to rhyme with law,
Good luck, old state, and lasting fame —
Here's to you, Arkansas.

French.

Arizona

Lands of gold and golden sunshine
(All the world would like to own her),
In *eau d'or* we should be drinking
This our toast to Arizona.

French.

California

In the gold of the grape let's pledge her,
Land favored by luck and fate,
California must be heaven,
For she owns the Golden Gate.

French.

North Carolina

State of the old north star,
Of turpentine and tar,
  There's nothing finer
On God's green earth than you —
That's why we're drinking to
  North Carolina.

French.

South Carolina

Strong of heart, true as fate —
  Let's be drinking
To the old Palmetto State,
  Glasses clinking.

French.

Colorado

The cattle upon a thousand hills,
And the gold of El Dorado,
All kinds of climate, but darned few ills: —
Full glasses — To Colorado!

French.

Connecticut

Blue laws and wooden nutmegs —
    Let them pass.
Connecticut, a health to thee
    In brimming glass.

French.

North Dakota

Where the blizzard fiercely rages
Over trackless plains of snow,
Bread and meat for all are growing,
Warm hearts beat and fires glow,
And the stranger is made welcome
With " glad hand " and courtesy true.
Then our glasses let's be lifting: —
North Dakota, here's to you!

French.

South Dakota

In men and gold and cattle,
In peace-time or in battle,
She has given us her quota,
So, let's drink to South Dakota.

French.

Delaware

O Delaware,
We're well aware,
You claim the diamond and blue hen,
So here's to you,
In this good brew,
When this is drunk we'll fill again.

French.

Florida

" *Pascua florida* " (land of flowers)
Ponce called thee when he saw thy strand.

"Rosy wine" we'll quaff then to thy bowers,
Sunny, smiling, fragrant southern land.

French.

Georgia

Polly may not want a cracker,
But you bet, we do;
A man's a man and needs no lacquer,
Georgia, here's to you!

French.

New Hampshire

Hard is your granite, New Hampshire,
And steadfast you are, and true,
Old rock-ribbed state, there's love in each cup,
From which we are drinking to you.

French.

Idaho

Above thy forests the north wind is drinking
The fragrant breath of pine,
And, Idaho, of thee we're kindly thinking —
A health to thee and thine!

French.

Illinois

Prairies and Suckers — here's to 'em!
The corn-lands are smiling with joy,
And when Uncle Sam needs *succor*
He can get it in Illinois.

French.

Indiana

"Hoosiers!" Ay, and many a Hoosier
Fought beneath the starry banner: —
Here's to Hoosiers — Heaven bless 'em! —
Here's our love to Indiana.

French.

Iowa

Land of milk and cream and butter
(Milk of human kindness too),
Good old hawk-eye state, here's wishing
Health and wealth and luck to you.

French.

New Jersey

"The fish's blood is very white,
While ours is red as flame,
The 'skeeter' has no blood at all,
But he gets there just the same."

The Freaks.

Kansas

"Squatters!" Well, we squatted to some purpose —
Look at that thar corn!
Make the toast in corn-juice to old Kansas,
She's no longer bleeding, sure's you're born.

French.

Old Kaintuck

Whar the ladies are beautiful, and whar the crap of cawn is utilized for Bourbon.

Eugene Field.

"Kentucky, Oh Kentucky! I love thy classic shades,
Where flit the fairy figures of dark-eyed Southern maids,
Where the mocking birds are singing mid the flowers newly born,
Where the corn is full of kernels,
And the colonels full of corn."

Louisiana

Land of sweet oranges and sweeter lasses,
Of fragrant blooms, of *dolce far niente*,
Old creole state, to thee we lift our glasses, —
And wish thee happiness and peace and plenty.

French.

Maine

Sure, stolen fruit's the sweetest
Of all fruit that ever grew,
So, in spite of prohibition,
Maine, we're going to drink to you.

French.

Maryland

With heart and glass both brimming o'er,
Maryland, My Maryland,
Dear old-line state, dear eastern shore,
Dear kindly land of open door,
We drink thee once, and then once more,
Maryland, My Maryland.

French.

Massachusetts

There's a tea-leaf in our glasses,
And memory treasures still,
"The shot that was heard around the world,"
And the volleys of Bunker Hill.

Blue are the bays on thy borders,
And green the bays on thy brow,
We drink to you, Massachusetts,
The mother of culture, thou!

French.

Michigan

Wolverines, fill up your glasses,
And in this toast leave no lees —
Good mothers, dear wives, sweet lasses,
Of the state with four inland seas!

French.

Mississippi

State of the Bayou, old "Mississip,"
Here's looking at you! Just one big sip,
But we take it straight, as, sure we oughter,
You take what comes — but you don't take water.

French.

Missouri

Hello, old Missoo!
Here's a brimming glass to you
And to old Pike County, too,
For we really think you'll do —
Let's repeat.

French.

Montana

To the glory of thy dawns and sunsets,
To the splendor of thy moon-lit nights,
To thy snow-capped peaks and fertile valleys,
To the vastness of thy plains and heights,
To the beauties of thy native flora,
To the treasure hid within thy breast,
We are drinking in full cups, Montana,
Keystone of the arch of the northwest.

French.

Minnesota

"Gophers!" are we? Guess you'll go for flour
To th' old gopher state to your last hour.

We don't care a — an iota
(Well, we didn't! — You be — blessed!)
What you call us, but you'll give your "dough"
For our wheat-dust — and, fill up, you're slow: —
Here's good luck to Minnesota,
The New England of the West!

French.

New Mexico

Cactus and prickly pear and sage-brush,
"Men with the bark on" and hearts brave and strong,
New Mexico, here's luck, here's looking at you;
You're a deep note in freedom's world-wide song!

French.

Nevada

In sixteen parts of whiskey
To one of H_2O —
Here's your good health, Nevada,
And, sometime, Silver'll go.

French.

Nebraska

For the Union no service will task her.
If you doubt it, you'd better go ask her.
"In this wheat by and by"
She will feed you for aye: —
Here's a health to you, good old Nebraska.

French.

New York

There are bigger states than you,
Old New York,
But I rather think you'll do,
Old New York,
You're about the best there is,
And we need you in our biz;
So we'll drink your health in fizz,
Old New York.

French.

Ohio

Buck-eyes, buggies and presidents,
Ohio and her residents —
Drink to them all.

French.

Oklahoma

She's a " boomer " —
Just you wait and see.
Oklahoma,
Here's good luck to thee!

French.

Oregon

Here's to all good web-feet!
Don't stop to drink it — pour;
When *we* are half seas over
We can swim ashore.

French.

Pennsylvania

Good old carboniferous rock,
Keystone staunch of the commonwealth,
Quaker and Dutch make goodly stock: —
Pennsylvania, we drink your health.

French.

Rhode Island

Here's to you, "Little Rhody,"
And to all your gallant sons,
You've always sent your quota
Of the men behind the guns.

French.

Tennessee

In your own mountain dew
Drink we our health to you:
We would like whiskey free,
'Same as you, Tennessee.

French.

Texas

Four fingers — no less for old Texas
(It *should* be a wash-tub of punch).
Drink hearty! The Lone-Star! The Cow-Boy!
The biggest dam state in the bunch.

French.

Utah

Yes, you're somewhat overmarried,
But you did it "on the square;"
So, we pledge you kindly, Utah:
"None but brave deserve the fair."

French.

Vermont

What State can beat her in men, women, maple-sugar and horses?

"The first are strong, the last are fleet,
The second and third are exceedingly sweet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat."

Ole Virginny

Whar blooms the furtive possum, — pride an' glory of the South!
And anty makes a hoe-cake, sah, that melts within yo' mouth.

Eugene Field.

West Virginia

Charge your glasses and drink deep,
To the "Pan-handle State" all admire,
For that pan-handle helped to keep
The Nation's fat from out the fire.

French.

Washington

Sentinel that holds the northwest gate,
Bearer of his name who made our fate,
Here's our loving health to thee, good state —
Washington!

French.

Wisconsin

To the state that can never go hungry,
Through beef-trust or bull-pool in wheat,
While Wisconsin can dig out a Badger,
She never can be out of meat.

French.

Wyoming

If you've breathed the air of her hills and plains,
If you've watched her peaks in the gloaming,
If you've felt her pride when her horsemen ride,
You'll join in the toast — Wyoming!

French.

THE FLAG

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

"Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"

Old Glory! May her stars shine forever in the eternal blue, and her stripes reach around the world!

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our union forever!

OTHER LANDS

England

O England! — model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart.

Shakespeare.

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!

Bailey's Festus.

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return."

Thou glorious island of the sea!
Though wide the wasting flood
That parts our distant land from thee,
We claim thy generous blood;
Nor o'er thy far horizon springs
One hallow'd star of fame,
But kindles, like an angel's wings,
Our western skies in flame!

O. W. Holmes.

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag on every sea.
Mary Howitt.

To the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare.
Olive Schreiner.

To the Mother of the English-speaking race.

Undaunted in peril and foremost in danger,
Ever ready the rights of mankind to defend,
The guard of the weak and support of the stranger;
To oppression a foe, and to freedom a friend.
Amid the rude scenes of dismay and commotion,
Since Anarchy first her red banner unfurled,
Still firm as a rock, in her own native ocean,
Stood England, the Anchor and Hope of the world.
Cobb.

Go, — wondrous child!
The glories of thy destiny fulfil; —
Remember then thy mother in her age,
Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild:
Stand thou with us when all the nations rage
So furiously together! — we are one:
And through all time, the calm historic page
Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son.
Tupper.

For England, home and beauty!

Lord Nelson.

Here's a health to our great King and Queen,
Whilst the cannons do roar and the steeples do ring,
Mary and William with trophies are crowned,
May this be our wish as the bumpers go 'round.

Old English Navy Toast.

Come friends and companions, let's take a full glass,
And each drink a health to his favorite lass;
With wine and with love let this evening be crowned,
With hearts free from trouble we cheerfully sing
Huzza for our Country! Huzza for our King!

Berg.

In English beer,
With an English cheer,
To the right little,
Tight little island!

French.

Whose morning-drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. *Daniel Webster.*

To the Lion! — with a rose, a shamrock, a thistle and a leek. *French.*

He is an Englishman!
For he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is an Englishman!
For he might have been a Roosian,
A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
Or perhaps Itali-an!
But in spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!

W. S. Gilbert.

The King! God bless him!

The Queen! God bless her!

Scotland

And lives that man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said —
This is my own, my native land!

Sir Walter Scott.

" Wull ye wet yer thrapple wi' a drop o' whusky, mon? "

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!

. . . . . .

Freedom and Whiskey gang thegither!
Take aff your dram!

Burns.

Let's drink our drap o' barley bree,
Though moon and stars should blink thegither,
To each leal lad wi' kilted knee,
And bonnie lass amang the heather.

Robertson.

Long have they stood the tempest's shock;
Thou know'st they will forever.

Hogg.

Let Pride in Fortune's chariots fly,
Sae empty, vain, and vogie;
The source of wit, the spring of joy,
Lies in the social coggie.
Then O revere the coggie, sirs!
The poor man's patron coggie!
It warsels care, it fights life's faughts
And liftes him frae the boggie.

Tanahill.

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love!

Robt. Burns.

Then here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
A cringing coward doggie,
But bauldly stand and bang the loon,
Wha'd reave her of her coggie.

Ibid.

Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
Our soul-warm kindred coggie!
Hearts doubly knit in social tie,
When just a wee bit groggie.

Tanahill.

Blythe, blythe, aroun' the nappy,
Let us join in social glee;
While we're here we'll hae a drappy,
Scotia's sons hae ay been free.

M'Phiel.

The Highlandman's bauld, the Highlandman's free,
His arm is strong and his heart is true: —
What gives the Highlandman courage and glee?
What but the drops of his mountain dew.

T. Campbell.

And here's to a' in barley bree,
Oursel's and a' the warld thegither,
To a' wha luve the kilted knee,
Or bonnie lasses in the heather.

Geo. Robertson, Jr.

And here's to a' wha drink this night
And here's to them that's far awa',
And muckle joy and pure delight.

Ibid.

Green be thy hills, auld Scotia,
And fertile be thy plains, man;
Where friendship, love, and freedom reign,
To bless our nymphs and swains, man.

Gilfillan.

Then poise the sparkling goblet high,
And kiss its balmy brim, man,
To Caledonia, dear, for aye,
The joyfu' cup we'll drain, man.

Gilfillan (*Adapted*).

What storm can rend your mountain rock,
What waves your headlands shiver?

Then fill a bowl, and while we drink
We'll rivet closer friendship's link,
Till joy rin o'er and care deep sink,
Beneath the whirling wave o't.

Here's to the land of bonnets blue,
Tartan kilts and tarry woo,
O for a waught of mountain dew,
To toast the guid and brave o't.

Liverpool.

Now since wi' Scotia's thistle green,
The Rose and Shamrock twine,

Lang may they bloom, as ay they've been
The pride o' lang syne.
Then fill the bicker reaming fu'
Wi' Scotland's Highland wine,
An' drink to a' whar're leel an' true,
An' days o' lang syne.

John Graham.

Then sip the dew, and cheerful sing,
And loud the bagpipes play, man,
And gae the very welkin ring
Wi' blithe St. Andrew's Day, man.

J. Graham.

The thistle of Scotia! — the thistle sae green!

Ireland

"Erin go Bragh!"

The queen of all islands is Erin, the blest.

Tom Moore.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen,
Here's to the one's we love dearest and most —
And may God save old Ireland! That's an Irishman's toast.

Anon.

" God scatters her sons like seed on the lea,
And they root where they fall, be it mountain or furrow;
They come to remain and remember; and she
In their growth will rejoice in a blissful to-morrow."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the West, the world's Cushla-ma-chree!

Charles Phillips.

Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-Bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin Mavourneen! Sweet Erin-go-Bragh!

Thos. Campbell.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,
Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea.

Tom Moore.

Then hurrah for Irish whiskey!
It makes you feel so frisky;
We'll sing our song the whole night long,
To dear ould Paddy-Land.

May the Harp of Erin be always in tune,
And may the Shamrock never wither!

French.

Then let us be frisky, and tipple the whiskey,
Long life to the land of dear liberty's joys,
No country whatever has power to sever
The Shamrock, the Rose and the Thistle, my boys.

Pocock.

May the Rose, Leek, and Thistle long flourish and twine,
Round a sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green.

Lysaght.

Here's to the dear old Land
With love and tears and a smile!
Here's to Irish beauty and wit and hearts!
Here's luck to the Emerald Isle!

French.

Here's the shamrock, the thistle, the leek, and the rose,
And the four saints, for emblems, which each of them chose,
Flourish long and live happy, like sister and brother,
Since now all the four have married each other.

The Four Saints.

The Irish-American — may his tribe increase!

Wales

Oh, sweet the harpers of Cambria play,
Ah, hyd a nos!
And Taff, look you, tunes upon David's good day,
Ah, hyd a nos!
Taff's blood is noble, and ancient her race,
Her pedigree plain as the nose on her face,
Ah, hyd a nos!

The Four Saints.

For St. David he taught her, 'mongst other good habits,
To make love, leek-porridge, cheese and Welsh rabbits;
To be brave, and at serving her friend not to wince.

Ibid.

Here's a health to the Queen and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Then, come, let us drink it while we can,
For drinking cheers the soul of man,
And they who won't with us comply
Down among the dead-men let them lie.

Old Song.

The Anglo-Saxon

To your feet! Clasp hands 'round the wide-world
Full glasses, chock-full to the brink: —
We are men of one blood, own brothers —
Now! Three rousing cheers ere we drink

IN BUMPERS

To our dominant, world-wide kinsfolk,
To the peoples that speak our speech —
Hark! 'tis the Lion's triumphant roar,
And the Eagle's answering screech.
Here's a health to the grand old Mother
And to all of her stalwart sons:
Here's a health from brother to brother —
Hats off! Hear the toast of our guns: —
To the scarlet banner of England;
To Old Glory's red, white and blue;
To the flag the sun never sets on;
To our sailors and soldiers too;
To the men that have swept the ocean —
Native-born or of alien birth,
But speaking the English language: —
To the men that shall sweep the earth!
Here's a health to the Queen — the great one —
And her splendid reign benign!
Here's a health to our wives and mothers
To the women of our great line!
And now, with our feet on the table,
Let our shout tell the startled world
That our scattered clans are united
And our flags from one mast unfurled.
Skoal! A health to the Anglo-Saxon —
Ay, yell till you're black in the face —
In bumpers! Drink! Break your glasses!
To the English-speaking race!

French.

A *Lion's Paw* and an *Eagle's Claw*
Made a Union of *Fur* and *Feather*,
But the Fish, dismayed, were sore afraid,
When *Flesh* and *Fowl* got together.

French.

I give you England and America. May there never be any dividing line but the Atlantic between them.

Charles Dickens.

Hasten the day
When closer strand shall lean to strand,
When meet beneath saluting flags
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our mother-land.

J. G. Whittier.

'Ere's to yer, Uncle Sam, with yer aggravatin' ways!
'Ere's to yer, with yer waggin' an' yer bluff!
When things is slick, from Britishers yer'll 'ear more growls nor praise,
But when trouble's on we'll back yer, right enough.

Then 'ere's to yer, Uncle Sam,
And don't yer care a damn,
Whoever tries to chuck yer inter strife,
He may kick at yer, per'aps,
But when others come to slaps,
We're with yer every time, you bet yer life.

Australia

A newer England; and as newer, so let us hope she will be even better.

A great continent, and being so great let us hope she will prefer Right to Might.

As her existence proves that men are good and happy in proportion as they are free, so let us always and everywhere push onward to perfect freedom. Then indeed there will be in the heavens a brighter constellation than the Southern Cross — the shining stars of Justice, Liberty and Truth.

Austria and Hungary

The double-headed Phœnix which tore with her beaks the Saracen invasion of Europe; which to-day is in the flames of clergy and nobility; but which will arise from her ashes bearing in one talon the torch of liberty and in the other Justice.

Translation.

Canada

Here's a maid of the North
And a maiden of worth,
A maid of the wheat fields and pine;
On her cheeks there is health, in her hands there is wealth
Of the river and forest and mine.

So great are her charms
That your Uncle Sam's arms
Keep waving the red, white and blue;
But she says with a smile, "I think for awhile
I'll paddle my own stout canoe."

Then drink to my rosy-cheeked maiden so wise,
Of French and of English extraction —
Her father's good teeth and her mother's bright eyes,
And all of both parents' attraction.
She stands with her feet on the sea of gold grain
And her head in the roof of the sky:
Her name it is *Canada!* Shout! Shout again!
And drink till her rivers run dry.

Germany

May Germany be one in love!
And may it always be one against the foreign foe.

Holland

A lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, the sanctuary for the rights of mankind.

Italy

The land of the olive and vine — the theatre of the world — the altar which has kept burning the fires of Grecian Art and Philosophy — the cradle of Cæsar and Aurelius — of Virgil and Horace — of Raphael and

Michael Angelo—of Scarlatti and Verdi—the fountain-head of Equity, which taught the world that the letter of the law is cruel, and all laws must give way to secure Justice.

Beautiful Italy! which now with its Mazzinis, Garibaldis and Marconis is reaching into the upper ether for greater liberty and more light.

Russia

"When darkness hid the starry skies,
In war's long winter night,
One ray still cheered our streaming eyes,
The far-off Northern Light."

"Bleak are our shores in the blast of December,
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow,
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that remember
Who was our friend when the world was our foe.

"Fires of the North in eternal communion
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star,
God bless the Empire that loves our great Union!
Strength to her people! Long live the Czar!"

Henry Ellis Howland.

Gentlemen, who serve His Imperial Majesty the Czar, we salute you and your flag under whatever skies or on whatever sea it floats. We remind you that we are not

ungrateful; the best we have is yours. The nation presents arms as you pass in review, and as our borders approach each other in the frozen zone so when we meet you here: —

" Though our hearts were dry as the shell on the sand,
They would fill like the goblet I hold in my hand."

God protect the Czar,
The right believing Czar,
His reign lead us to glory —
To glory, us!
Let him reign and confound his foes,
The right believing Czar,
God, O God, protect the Czar!

Translation.

Switzerland

The little court-room at Geneva — where our royal mother England and her proud though untitled daughter alike bent their heads to the majesty of Law and accepted Justice as a greater and better arbiter than Power. *W. M. Evarts.*

In Red Wine

THE ARMY AND NAVY

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither —
A Toast! Glasses full to the brim!
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May our soldiers and sailors ne'er sever,
United 'neath colors so true: —
Here's to the Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

Anon.

We stand army and navy equally, shoulder to shoulder, — the common defenders of a common land, without any prejudice or any unfriendly feeling between us. We know no state and no portion of the country; and were you to ask any officer on the high-seas, crossing the mid-ocean, whether he came from New Jersey or Missouri, he would laugh at you. The answer would be that he came from the United States.

General Sherman.

THE ARMY

The Army Toast: — "How!"

This toast was probably derived from the New England salutation, but by some held to be of Indian origin. The story is told that a cavalry officer, being questioned by a lady as to the significance of the word, explained the derivation as follows: "Madame, when I was at West Point, I was taught that HO with a small 2 under the 'H' is the chemical symbol for water, and every one knows that 'W' stands for whiskey."

Some wine, ho!
And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span;
Why then, let a soldier drink.

Othello.

Give us some red liquor in a white glass, and we'll drink to the army blue.

The Colorist (*French*).

"Here's to the soldier who fights and loves — may he never lack for either."

The Army Revolver (Demijohn).
Fire at will. Commence firing.
The Subaltern (*French*).

The Ladies' Toast: — Our Defenders.

Here's to our Alma Mater,
To dear old U. S. M. A.!
Here's to the gold bell-button,
And here's to the cadet-gray!

Here's to our starry banner —
May our hearts beat ever true
To thy red and white, Old Glory,
Upheld by the Army blue!
The Plebe (*French*).

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row;
To singing sentimentally we're going for to go;
In the Army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

Let us toast our foster-father, the Republic as you know,
Who in the paths of science taught us upward for to go;
And the maidens of our native land, whose cheeks like roses glow,
They're oft remembered in our cups at Benny Haven's, Oh!
Doctor O'Brien.

When ruthless war rears high his head,
With thunders in his hand,
And calls the Soldier to the field,
In freedom's rank to stand,
He scorns to fly,
Tho' dangers nigh,
And balls like hail,
The ranks assail,
To meet the foe when 'tis design'd
No fear disturbs the Soldier's mind.
The mother kind
Your clothes will mend,
And no fault find
With what you spend.
So fill that pipe,
My soldier boy,
Our cause is ripe,
For righteous joy.

Unknown.

"Their arms our sure defense,
Our arms their recompense."

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry. *Colonel Blacker.*

Honor and the Sword — may they never be parted.

THE ARMY

Our Army — firm in disaster, courageous in danger, merciful in victory.

The red of the artillery, the white of the infantry, the true blue of the army, — the red, white and blue of the Stars and Stripes, and the yellow fringe of the cavalry around them.

French.

"May the arms of our soldiers never be used except against our country's foes" — and to "make glad the *waist* places."

"Our dearest Foe."

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis M. Finch.

While of this heroic host, noble Loyal Legion,
One is left to drink a toast, noble Loyal Legion,
He'll remember days of yore,
Loved companions gone before,
Mustered on the shining shore, noble Loyal Legion.

Fill your goblets to the brim, noble Loyal Legion;
Join in the Commandery Hymn, noble Loyal Legion;

May the last Companion here,
When he sees grim death draw near,
Greet him with bold Legion cheer, noble Loyal Legion.
Maj. - Gen'l James McQuade.

Where lie the bamboo cities,
Mid Orient swamp and cane;
Where palm and sapodilla
Wave green o'er Spanish Main;
We toast our colors streaming —
The banner of the free —
And, eyes and glasses brimming,
We drink, oh land, to thee.

The white, crisp Northern Winter,
The broad still plains of snow,
The fair and sunny Southland
Where scented breezes blow;
The bustling mart and market
Whose buildings skyward stand,
The wastes of pear and cactus
Along the Rio Grande.

Oh, far deserted quarters!
Oh, path and lane and street!
The scenes that now as exiles,
We find we held most sweet.
Tho' fettered are our bodies,
Our hearts may truants be;

And so to-night, a legion,
We drink, dear land, to thee.

Across the miles of waters
We bear the flag we love —
One country and one emblem,
One cause all else above.
Forgive us if we falter
(Thy sons who widely roam)
An instant while, in silence,
The soldier thinks of home.

Edward L. Sabin.

THE NAVY

"The American Navy — May it ever sail on a sea of glory, be wafted by the winds of prosperity, guided by the compass of justice, and anchor in the harbor of victory."

"The first ship the world ever knew — courtship."

The Navy Toast — "Glad to see you aboard."

"The sun's over the yard arm."

The Middy's Toast — "Each other — and one other."

The wind that blows,
The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor.
Dibdin.

"Now welcome every sea delight,
The course with eager, watchful days,
The skilful chase by glimmering night,
The well worked ship, the gallant fight,
The loved Commander's praise."

THE NAVY

Here's to the ships of our navy,
Here's to the ladies of our land,
May the former be well rigged,
And the latter be well manned.

Unknown.

Make it so large when filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake —
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Unknown.

The Navy! May it ever sail on a sea of glory,
Wafted to victory by the gale of prosperity.

To the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Dibdin.

"Here's to us! Any like us? 'Deed, few, thank God!"

"Good ships, fair winds and brave seamen."

Here's to the girl behind the man behind the gun.

Admiral Schley.

Put out the red flag, and take ammunition on board.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans.

Here's to sea-room, good fellowship, grog and tobacco.
Dibdin (Adapted).

"Sweethearts and wives — may they never meet."

To Davy Jones's Locker. Drink deep.

While the hollow oak our palace is, our heritage the sea.
Allan Cunningham.

"Here's to the Tar that sticks like pitch to his duty."

"May the Tar who loses one eye
Never see distress with the other."

WAR

"Our friends — the enemy."

The purple testament of bleeding war.
Shakespeare.

Two things greater than all things are,
The first is Love and the second War.
Rudyard Kipling.

Here's to War — east, west, north, south!"

In the Loving Cup

In mediæval times, or perhaps earlier, the loving-cup, which was a prominent feature of every banquet, was filled to the brim with mead, wine, or wassail, in the centre of which floated a piece of toasted bread. The host put his lips to the cup and passed it on to the guest of honor, who drank and gave the goblet to the next in order. After the cup had circled the table, it came back to the host, who drained what was left and swallowed the toast in honor of all the assembled guests.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship, — one soul in two bodies.

Pythagoras.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!

Blair.

Ohne bruder kann man leben, nicht ohne freund.

German Proverb.

With my jug in one hand and my pipe in the other
I drink to my neighbor and friend,
In a whiff of tobacco I smother
The life I know shortly must end;
While Ares most kindly relieves my brown jug,
With good ale I will make myself mellow,
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug —
Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

Mr. Smart.

"Wal'r, my boy," replied the captain, "in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him'! Where found make a note of."

Charles Dickens.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Emerson.

Come charge high, again, boy, nor let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may shine;
Here's the friends of our youth — tho' of some we're bereft,
May the links that are lost but endear what are left.

Tom Moore.

"Friendship's the wine of life."
Let's drink of it and to it.

We'll drink a health to good old friends
And good friends yet to come.
Clink, clink, clink!
To fellowship we drink!
And from the bowl
No genial soul
In such an hour will shrink.
Clink, clink, clink!
Merrily let us drink!

Friendship, love and wine united
From all ills defend the mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy state, smile at fate,
And leave sorrow to the wind.

George Frederick Handel.

Here's to the triple alliance —
Friendship, Freedom and Wine.

Here's to the hand of friendship,
Sincere, twice-tried and true,
That smiles in the hour of triumph
And laughs at its joy with you,
Yet stands in the night of sorrow
Close by when the shadows fall,
And never turns the picture
Of an old friend to the wall.

Unknown.

There's fellowship
In every sip
Of friendship's brew, we think.

Eugene Field.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.

Emerson.

Then here's to thee, old friend; and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life ere it fleet.

Unknown.

Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.

Longfellow.

Here's to the four hinges of friendship — Lying, Stealing, Swearing, and Gambling. When you lie, lie in a good cause; when you steal, steal away from bad company; when you swear, swear by your country; and when you gamble, gamble on your own future; — and when you drink, drink with me.

Anon.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

Shakespeare.

"My heart is as full as my glass, when I drink to you, old friend." *French.*

L'Amitie est l'Amour sans Ailes.

Proverbe.

"May the wing of friendship never moult a feather."

Dickens.

Here's champagne to our real friends, and real pain to our sham friends. *Anon.*

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye lived were mine.

Kipling.

Here's to you: there's no one like you, and no one likes you better than I. *E. L. C.*

Here's a health to the friend whose knees interfere, —
'Tis a sign that all that run may read, —
For the proverb's teaching is very clear,
That the friend indeed
Is the friend in-kneed.

French.

May your sowl be in glory three weeks before the divil knows you're dead. *Unknown.*

May bad luck follow you all the days of your life and never overtake you. *Unknown.*

May your shadow never grow less.

Here's tow'ds yer an' tew yer!
'F I never had met yer
I'd never hev knewed yer.

"Here's hoping that my Uncle's Niece,
And your Aunt's Nephew,
May always be the best of friends."

Here's to the tears of friendship,
May they crystallize as they fall,
And be worn as jewels
In memory of those we loved.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

Leigh Hunt.

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing
Let's have laughing —
Who the devil cares for more.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd, —
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

Cowper.

From wine what sudden friendship springs.

Gay.

A health to you,
And wealth to you,
And the best that life can give to you.
May Fortune still be kind to you,
And Happiness be true to you,
And Life be long and good to you,
Is the toast of all of your friends to you.

ABSENT FRIENDS

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Geo. Linley.

At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim
That there is one who drinks to you,
And oh! as warmly drink to him.

Unknown.

"Let us drink to the thought that where'er a man roves
He is sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that when he is far from the lips that he loves,
He can always make love to the lips that are near."

Tom Moore (Modified).

The joys we have but make us think the more
On those we have not; while the griefs we bear
In lonely silence, force us to deplore
The absent friends whose sympathies we share.

Although out of sight, we recognize them with our glasses.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it!
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here we are to drink it.

Richard Hovey.

Comrades, pour the wine to-night,
For the parting is with dawn.
Oh! the clink of cups together,
With the daylight coming on!
Greet the morn
With a double horn,
When strong men drink together.

Richard Hovey.

Ho, a song by the fire!
(Pass the pipes, fill the bowl!)
Ho, a song by the fire!
— With a Skoal! . . .
For the wolf-wind is whining in the doorways,
And the snow drifts deep along the road,
And the ice-gnomes are marching from their Norways,
And the great white cold walks abroad.
(Boo-oo-o! pass the bowl!)
For here by the fire we defy frost and storm.

Ha, ha! we are warm
And we have our hearts' desire;
For here's four good fellows
And the beechwood and the bellows,
And the cup is at the lip
In the pledge of fellowship;
Skoal! —

Richard Hovey.

A cheery welcome as you turn the door;
Some rum — two " fingers " and you'll wish it four,
Sets the ball a-rolling
Every heart controlling.
The while our table gathers one face more.

Unknown.

Love and wine are the bonds that fasten us all,
The world but for these to confusion would fall,
Were it not for the pleasures of love and good wine,
Mankind, for each trifle their lives would resign;
They'd not value dull life nor could live without thinking,
Nor would kings rule the world but for love and good drinking.

Toast of 1675.

The best of all ships
Is Royal Fellowship;
Our virtues, faults and slips
All meet in Fellowship.

The Freaks.

Good fellowship
Is still the ship,
On which we are a sailing;
It matters little what the crew,
The men are always brave and true
Who go in her a sailing.

The Freaks.

We did not auscultate or probe a man
To find out his good fellowship.
His word, his glance, his smile are quite enough.
We need not feel his finger-tips,
We greet him though, this man of our own make,
With hand to hand and hip to hip,
In Faith and Hope and Charity; these three
Are blended in good fellowship.

The Freaks.

"Happy are we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and happy meet again."

Come all jolly lads who delight
In the glass, the Bottle, the Jug or the Bowl.
Hope on, for who does not I reckon's an ass,
A man quite devoid of a soul.

In whose heart there is no song
To him the miles are many and long.

Anon.

High jinks! Low jinks! All about the universe,
Life is but a pilgrimage, take it as you may,
So fill your glass, my hearty,
And join our jolly party,
For wherever we are going we'll have fun upon the way.

The Freaks.

This glass we fill to the many gone
And the few that are left us yet.

Anon.

It is a rule in friendship, when Distrust enters at the fore-gate, Love goes out at the postern. *Howell.*

"Here's to Blue Blood and every son of Priam,
Who, not knowing it, no better is than I am;
Here's to ourselves who think of other things,
Than being born by chance the Sons of Kings."

"Come, fill the bowl, each jolly soul;
Let Bacchus guide our revels;
Join cup to lip, with 'hip, hip, hip,'
And bury the blue devils."

To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the breakers' brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Charles Hoffman.

IN THE LOVING CUP

Some friendships are made by nature, some by contract, some by interest and some by souls. *Taylor.*

In the barley bree to you and me
We'll drink 'spite of wind or weather.
We've laughed and sung, and the world's sharp tongue
May be damned when we meet together.

De Beers.

" Here's to those who love us,
And here's to those who don't,
A smile for those who are willing to,
And a tear for those who won't."

" Here's to you as good as you are,
And here's to me as bad as I am;
And as bad as I am, and as good as you are,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am."

" Here is a riddle most abstruse:
Canst read the answer right?
Why is it that my tongue grows loose
Only when I grow tight? "

" Here's may we never drink worse."

May the devil cut the toes of all our foes,
That we may know them by their limping.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

"Long live life, say I — and good fellowship for the future."

I wish thee health,
I wish thee wealth,
I wish thee gold in store,
I wish thee heaven upon earth —
What could I wish thee more?

Unknown.

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure.

Ben Jonson.

"Here's to us all — God bless us every one."

Dickens.

"To our good fortune and the disappointment of the gods!"

LOVE

Inform me next what love will do
'Twill strangely make a one of two.

Suckling.

Omnia vincit amor, nos et cedamus amori.

Virgil.

Nothing is sweeter than Love,
Nothing stronger, nothing higher,
Nothing wider, nothing more pleasant,
Nothing fuller or better
In heaven or on earth.

Thomas à Kempis.

L'amour et la fumée
Ne peuvant se cacher.

Proverbe.

A bargain then with Love I knocked,
To hold the pleasing gipsy,
When wise to keep my bosom locked,
But turn the key when tipsy.

Captain Morris.

To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him.

Tom Moore.

May you be hung, drawn and quartered, —
Hung in the halls of prosperity,
Drawn by a chariot and four,
And quartered in the arms of one you love best.

Here's to Love, — the only fire against which there is no insurance.

O! love! love! laddie.
Love's like a dizziness!
It winna let a puir body
Gang about his business.

Hogg.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease, —
And true love has an eye for a dinner
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

Willis.

Here's to those who love us,
Here's to those whom we love,
For those whom we love,
May not love us.

To that curious thing called love
Which comes like a dove
From Heaven above
To some.

While to others it flits
And scatters their wits,
And gives 'em all fits
By gum!

Here's to love — That disease which begins with a fever and ends with a pain.

Oh! rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law,
Beyond its own sweet will.

John G. Whittier.

Here's to Love; a thing so divine,
Description makes it but the less.
'Tis what we feel, but cannot define —
'Tis what we know, but cannot express.

To woman's love — to man's it's not akin,
For her heart is a home while his heart is an inn.

Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art!

Mrs. Hemans.

Here's a health to the future,
A sigh for the past;
We can love and remember,
And hope to the last;
And, for all the base lies
That the almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart,
We can never grow old.

Here's a health to all them that we love,
And a health to all those that love us,
And a health to all those that love them that we love,
And to them that love those that love us.

Anon.

Love knoweth no lawes.

John Lyly.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, — but not for love.

As You Like It.

A Toast to Dan Cupid, the great evil doer,
A merciless rogue — may his darts ne'er grow fewer.

Love well, love truly and love fast: —
True love evades the dilatory,
Life's bloom flares like a meteor past,
A joy so dazzling cannot last: —
Memento Mori!

Bret Harte.

Alas, the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

Byron.

Drink, for Faith and Hope are high —
None so true as you and I —
Drink the lover's Litany —
"Love like ours can never die!"

Kipling (Altered).

Love me little, love me long.

Marlowe.

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray God they change for worse.

Geo. Peele.

Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.

Parnell.

Love is the emblem of eternity.

Mde. de Stael.

Here's to one and only one,
And may that one be he
Who loves but one and only one, —
And may that one be me.

Anon.

From whose eyelids also as she gazed dropped love.

Hesiod.

To those who love us second fill;
But not to those whom we love:
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third — "to thee and me, Love!"

Burns.

We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its only end.

Earl of Beaconsfield.

All fancy sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love.

Shakespeare.

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Thro' good report
And evil too.

Tom Moore.

Here's to the love that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies, and lies, and lies.

When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

Moore.

How sad and bad and mad it was! —
But then, how it was sweet!

Robert Browning.

Love's the only game in which one pair
Beats three of a kind.
Let's drink to ourselves, O lady, fair, —
And let Love "go blind."

French.

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills or fields
Or woods or sleepy mountains yield.

Christopher Marlowe.

I
Drink
T o u s, —
And only us,
To thee and me!
I love thee.
Dost thou
L o v e
M e
?

French.

Why did she love him? Curious fool: be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?

God knows what mischief may arise
When love links two young people in one fetter.

Byron.

Here's to those who'd love us
If we only cared.
Here's to those we'd love
If we only dared.

M. A.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson.

To *fruit défendu* under the rose, —
Eros grant it be never found out, —
To the wise, sealed lips that never disclose
The secret that Love, and only Love, knows,
And no one but Love knows about.

French.

"Fill the bowl with flowing wine,
And while your lips are wet
Press their fragrance into mine
And forget:
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live."

If you love me as I love you,
We'll play the game and win it too.

Kipling (*altered*).

Here's to we,
And none but we,
To she and he,
To thee and me;
Just us four —
No more.

(*The Grammarian*) *French.*

"Love to one, Friendship to a few, and Good-Will to all."

MARRIAGE

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source of human happiness. *Milton.*

. . . That blissful yoke . . .
Which that men clepeth spousal or wedlock.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower.
Campbell.

Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning;
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than a lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.
D. M. Mulock.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage,
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of marriage.
Kipling.

The Double Standard — the only "sound money" in the world — Matrimony.

You may write it on his tombstone,
You may cut it on his card,
That a young man married
Is a young man marred.

Rudyard Kipling.

"When we go home late, may we find our wives where Cain found his — in the land of Nod."

"The Latch-Key — May it never open the door to reproach."

To our former, our present and our future dear partners in bond-brokerage.

Here's to solitaire (with a partner): the only game in which one pair beats three of a kind.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Pope.

WOMAN

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female, or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.

Love's Labor Lost.

"*Sans les femmes les deux extremités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.*"

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed — till woman smiled."

Flow wine, smile woman, and the universe is consoled.

Beranger.

Here's to Woman, — "The fairest work of the Great Author. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

To the Ladies:

Our arms your defence.
Your arms our recompense.
Fall in!

L. H. Jerome.

"The first woman, — who, if the legend be true, was only a side-issue."

After man came woman — and she has been after him ever since. *Anon.*

Women are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of man. *Anon.*

A hundred men can make an encampment, but it requires a woman to make a home. *Anon.*

Most women have a good deal of pity for some other woman's husband. *Anon.*

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed, with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!
Thomas Hood.

In apple-jack or apple toddy
We should not drink to everybody;
They're sacred, and so should be cider
To her to whom we lift our glasses,
The first of all earth's wives or lasses
Who apples took and put inside her!
French.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger is woman! *Byron.*

Earth's noblest thing — a woman perfected.
J. R. Lowell.

Here's to her who halves our sorrows and doubles our joys. *Unknown.*

Then remember whenever your goblet is crowned,
To the eastward, or westward, wherever you roam,
Whenever the health of dear woman goes 'round,
Remember the smiles that adorn her at home.
Tom Moore.

"She needs no eulogy: — she speaks for herself."

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and to command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.
Wordsworth.

"Woman! Experience might have told me,
That all must love thee who behold thee."

To Ladies' eyes around, boys, —
We can't refuse, we can't refuse, —
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boys,
It's hard to choose, it's hard to choose.
Tom Moore.

"The source of help, happiness and heaven."

IN THE LOVING CUP

Drink, drink, drink!
Drink to the girl of your heart;
The wisest, the wittiest, the bravest, the prettiest,
May you never be far apart.

Unknown.

"Drink to life and the passing show,
And the eyes of the prettiest girl you know."

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty;—
Let the toast pass:
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

Sheridan.

"God's last, best gift to man."

"Here's to the gladness of her gladness when she's glad,
Here's to the sadness of her sadness when she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness,
And the sadness of her sadness,
Are not in it with the madness of her madness when she's mad."

Anon.

You may run the whole gamut of color and shade,
A pretty girl, however you dress her,
Is the prettiest thing that was ever made;
And the last one is always the prettiest.
Bless Her!

Drink to fair woman, who I think,
Is most entitled to it;
For if anything ever can drive me to drink
She certainly could do it.

B. Jabez Jenkins.

If you should be a nun, Dear,
The Bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant — "We trust in thee."

Leigh Hunt.

Women deceive the lover, never the friend.

Mercier.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

Matthew Prior

Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

Antony and Cleopatra.

" As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

" When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woman.
" But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them w(h)immen."

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone, —
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

E. C. Pinckney.

" The Ladies — God bless 'em,
And may nothing distress 'em."

"Here's to woman present and past,
Here's to those to come hereafter;
But if one comes here after us
We'll have no cause for laughter."

"Here's lovers two to the maiden true
And four to the maid caressing;
But the wayward girl with the lips that curl —
Keeps twenty lovers guessing."

"Here's to the girls of the American Shore,
I love but one, I love no more;
Since she's not here to drink her part,
I drink her share with all my heart."

"Feminine grace, feminine goodness and feminine generosity; may they exist forever."

"Here's to the beautiful, the cruel, the accomplished and the false, — the cause of all that's worst in man — To Woman — Damn her!"

Drink to her who hath wak'd the Poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song what gold could never buy;
Oh! woman's heart was made for minstrel's hands alone,
By other fingers play'd it yields not half the tone.

Here's to women who are tender,
Here's to women who are slender,
Here's to women who are large and fat and red;
Here's to women who are married,
Here's to women who have tarried,
Here's to women who are speechless — but they're dead.

If all your beauties one by one,
I pledge, dear, I am thinking
Before the tale were well begun
I had been dead of drinking.

Here's to the Chaperone,
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

Anon.

For though they almost blush to reign,
Though love's own flowers wreathe the chain,
Disguise the bondage as we will,
'Tis woman — woman rules us still.

A health to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her with face brown as a berry;
A health to the wife that looks weary with woe,
And a health to the damsel that's merry.

"Blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go."

Anon.

So let us all; yes, by that love which all our lives rejoice
By those dear eyes that speak to us with love's seraphic voices,
By those dear arms that will infold us when we sleep for ever,
By those dear lips that kiss the lips that may give answer never,
By mem'ries lurkin' in our hearts an' all our eyes bedimmin',
We'll drink a health to those we love an' who love us — the wimmin!

Eugene Field.

A bumper to womankind, clumsy or thin,
Young or ancient — it weighs not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper — nay, fill to the brim,
And let's toast 'em, e'en all altogether.

The girl that is witty,
The girl that is pretty,
The girl with an eye as black as a sloe;
Here's to girls of each station
O'er the Yankee nation,
And, in particular, one that I know.

"Here's to the girl that I love,
And here's to the girl that loves me,
And here's to all those that love her that I love,
And to those that love her that loves me."

Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who doesn't lose her head even for a minute,
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it.

"Here's to woman, — once our superior, now our equal."

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little Woman is, if Love will let you win her —
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.
And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in the little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little Woman there's a taste of paradise.

From the Spanish of De Hita.

Here's to beefsteak when you're hungry —
Whiskey when you're dry,
All the girls you ever want,
And heaven when you die.

In woman I'll take youth, and seek for age in wine.

To America's Daughters — Let all fill their glasses,
Whose beauty and virtue the whole world surpasses,
May blessings attend them, go wherever they will.

Should the girl who owns your heart
Prove faithless or untrue
And bid you to depart,
Don't let that make you blue,
For it soon will be forgot
In a jovial glass or two.

Behold my wine-glass, 'tis filled to the brim,
With soul-stirring nectar, and I drink it to him,
Who feels, as he kisses its contents away,
It was made to gladden, and not to betray,
For wine is like woman, and like her was given
To man on earth as a foretaste of heaven;
Like her eye it sparkles; like her cheek it glows,
When pressed to the lips of the lover who knows
How to keep and cherish these treasures of earth;
For him was woman made, for him the wine's birth;
Then fill up your glasses, fill quite to the brim,
And drink with me to the health of him
Who feels as he kisses its contents away
It was made to gladden, but *not* to betray.

Merrily yours,
Marshall P. Wilder.

As for the women, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.

F. Reynolds.

Let lovely woman's health go 'round,
In whom true social joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless, woman-hating crew.
And they who won't with us comply,
Down among the dead-men let them lie —
Down! Down! Down! Down!
Down among the dead-men let them lie!

Old Song.

To the Ladies!
Whose love is as constant as the winds.

Young.

Whoe'er she be, —
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.

Richard Crashaw.

Woman, the sweetest thing ever seen, and may we always see her with a *single eye.*

The Ladies, with our *collective* but not our *united worship.*

She's a riddle I never could read;
But I wish her good health and Godspeed,
As I drink in brimmed glass
To wife, widow and lass, —
And thank God they are none of 'em mine.

The Misogynist (French).

O she is all perfections:
All that the blooming earth can send forth fair;
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious.

Lee.

"Woman — the conundrum of the age. We can't guess her, but we'll never give her up!" *Anon.*

Say, why are beauties praised and honor'd most,
The wise man's passion and the vain man's toast?

Pope.

"I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to a surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I am not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That, I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it."

Here's a toast to Our Lady of Toasts,
Who of toasts forgets more than we know;
Let us toast her while here, to the limit of cheer —
And then *toast for her*, still, down below.

W. W. C.

When a pretty maiden passes
By the window down the street,
Cards and billiards lose their sweet,
Conversation on old brasses
Languishes; up go the glasses: —
"Nice complexion!" "Dainty feet!"
When a pretty maiden passes
By the window down the street.

Richard Hovey.

Here's to you, my dear,
And to the dear that's not here, my dear;
But if the dear that's not here, my dear,
Were here, my dear,
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear.

Anon.

I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe
In the diamond morning of long ago;
To the splendor caught from the Orient skies
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes,

Her large eyes filled with fire of the South,
And the dewy wine of her warm red mouth.

Winter.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, and therefore to be won.

King Henry VI.

Be thou but fair, — mankind adore thee!
Smile, — and a world is weak before thee!

Tom Moore.

SWEETHEARTS

Come, fill 'round a bumper, fill up to the brim: —
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him: —
Here's to the girl that each loves, be her eyes of what hue,
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.

Tom Moore.

The sun gives us light and the heat that we need,
Without it all nature would die;
And you, my dear sweetheart, are sunlight to me —
The sun, moon and stars of my sky.

W. W. C.

Fill, fill, fill a brimming glass
Each man toast his favorite lass,
He who flinches is an ass,
Unworthy love or wine.

"Here's to the girl I love — God bless her!
Here's to her eyes that tender shine!
Here's to the lips that melt on mine!
To the shining tresses, uncontrolled,
That fall on her neck like tendrils of gold;
To her little mouth and dainty chin;
To the little dimples, out and in! —
Here's to the girl I love — God bless her!"

Here's a toast to the fairest,
And sweetest, and rarest
Of women who live on this earth.
She's truly a woman —
Divine and yet human —
Whose love is of limitless worth.

W. W. C.

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true,
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one — here's to you.

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's court a form more fair
Than beauty here on earth has given: —
Keep but the lovely looks we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel ready made for Heaven.

Thomas Moore.

" As a serpent be ye wise, yet as harmless as a dove " —
Thus spake the Master long ago, if Scripture tales be true;
But in all the world, my sweetheart, since nature gave us love,
There's surely been no woman who was both at once —
but you.

W. W. C.

"The girl we love! when she is our *Toast* we don't want any *but her.*"

To my sweetheart — she is not a Goddess,
An angel, a lily or a pearl,
She's just that which is sweetest,
Completest and neatest,
A dear little, queer little, sweet little girl.

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name,
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me a' on flame.

Burns.

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,
Seem to be drawn by love's own hand; by love himself in love.

Dryden.

To our two selves, dear.

If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire she be?

George Wither.

My love, thy red mouth is a cup divine,
It is crowned with kisses sweeter than wine,
And from it I drink to your love — and mine.

French.

The one fair woman beneath the sun.

John Hay.

A health to thee, beloved!
Lov'st thou me?
One woman all the wide world
Holds for me,
And from my heart I drink, dear
Love to thee.

French.

Let's drink to us three,
To you, love and me,
For we are never a crowd.

French.

Here's to one and only one,
And may that one be she
Who loves but one and only one,
And may that one be me.

Here's to two pairs, — queens up, — and don't let's draw for a full house. *French.*

Before I drink, my love, to thee
I kiss the cup,
Then leave my soul therein,
That when thy dear mouth
Drinks to me
My soul may enter heaven
Without sin.

French.

To me and you when skies are blue,
To you and me when tempests be,
To both together in every weather.

The scented breeze shall breathe my love for thee,
My Sweet!
For me shall plead each vine and leaf and tree
My Sweet!
And the sands shall sing,
And the round world ring,
With my love and thy love for me.

Robert W. Chambers.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, — and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Omar Khayyam.

Here's death to the Butter-in,
The foe of lovers;
Around our tête-à-tête,
He always hovers.
Here's life to her we love,
For whom hearts flutter,
When just one girl's our toast
We want no Butter.

Madge Merton.

WIVES

My dear, my better half.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Come! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
A cold pulse or a spirit supine —
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips
To commingle its flow with the wine.

Bring a cup of the purest and the solidest ware, —
But a little antique in its shape;
And the juice, — let it be the most racy and rare,
All the bloom with the age of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime, —
Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough
The bud, blossom, and fruit, at one time.

Then with three, as is due, let the honors be paid,
Whilst I give with my hand, heart and head,
"Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed."

Hood.

"Ah, happy is he, crowned with such life,
Who drinks the wife pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart the wife."

Daniel O'Connell.

God bless our wives,
They keep our hives
In little Bees and honey;
They darn our socks,
They soothe life's shocks,
And don't they spend the money.

With wine of love I fill the goblet of my heart,
And drain it at one draught, to drink to thee: —
One man's love of his life has been no thing apart: —
God thank thee, dear, for all thou'st been to me!

French.

"Heaven, 'tis said, hath blessings to bestow,
And earth gifts to give, 'tis true: —
But God, in his mercy, gave all to me,
When he threw across my pathway — you."

It is better to be
An old man's derling than a young man's werling.

Heywood.

"Health, happiness and harmony to every state in the *Union* — especially the married state."

Men dying make their wills — but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

J. G. Saxe.

She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.

Shakespeare.

"I have known many,
Liked a few,
Loved one —
Here's to you!"

Our future wives — Distance lends enchantment to the view.

MOTHERS

"We have toasted our sweethearts,
Our friends and our wives,
We have toasted each other
Wishing all merry lives;
Don't frown when I tell you
This toast beats all others
But drink one more toast, boys —
A toast to — 'Our Mothers.'"

Here's long life to the mother-in-law,
With all her freaks and capers,
For without our "dear old ma,"
What would become of comic papers?

There is none
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that
Within a mother's heart!

Mrs. Hemans.

With cruel pang she gave thee life —
She and no other,
Thou canst replace friend, husband, wife,
But not thy mother.

We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we have not all been generals, or poets or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground — for we've all been babies.

Mark Twain.

Then crown her Queen o'er the world.

Old Play.

BRIDE AND GROOM

Here's to the health of the happy pair,
May good luck meet them everywhere,
And may each day of wedded bliss
Be always just as sweet as this!

Let us drink to the health of the bride,
Let us drink to the health of the groom,
Let us drink to the Parson who tied
And to every guest in the room!

Here's to the Union for which we fought
And this "Union" just begun,
"Two souls with but a single thought —
Two hearts that beat as one!"

These two, now standing hand in hand,
Remind us of our native land,
For when to-day they linked their fates,
They entered the United States!

To the bride and the bridegroom! come pledge them,
Be the wine of love sweet to their lips,
The star of good luck in ascendant,
Misfortune for aye in eclipse.

Here's to the Wedding Belles! May the wise young men continue to "ring" them!

"The Happy Couple — May we all live to be present at their golden wedding."

"Our Newly Made Benedick — May he never be like the light-headed candle or the *wicked* lamp and go out nights when he shouldn't."

"Figures can never lie?" They can.
Do one and one make two?
Not when marriage addeth them up
And getteth answer true;

The bride was one, and one was the groom,
Yet, now that the sum is done,
We drink to a pair in paradox —
The two that are only one.

French.

May their joys be as deep as the ocean,
Their sorrows as light as its foam;
May the sunlight of love ever brighten
Their lives and shine into their home.

French.

May her voyage through life be as happy and as free
As the dancing waves on the deep blue sea.

Young bride, — a smile for thee,
To shine away thy sorrow,
For Heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

Tupper.

KISSING

What is a kiss? Alacke! at worst,
A single Dropp to quenche a Thirst,
Tho' oft it prooves in happie Hour
The first sweete Dropp of one long showre.

Leland.

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing. *Swift.*

There's a little Saxon Proverb
That goes very much like this,
That a man is half in Heaven
When he wants a woman's kiss —
But there's danger in delaying,
For the sweetness may forsake it,
So I ask you, tasteful lover,
If you wish one why not take it.

Unto that flowery cup I bent once more,
Again she showed no seeming to abhor,
But at the third kiss all she asked me was,
Is this all you came to see me for?

Wallace Irwin.

" It is a noun both common and proper,
Not very singular, and agrees with both *you* and *me*."

" From the heights of Heaven to the depths of Hell
Damn me the man who will kiss a girl and go to his friends and tell."

Yesterday's yesterday while to-day's here,
To-day is to-day till to-morrow appear,
To-morrow's to-morrow until to-day's past,
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.

" *Sub rosa*, but quite without measure."
Robert Buchanan.

They say there's microbes in a kiss,
This rumor is most rife,
Come, lady dear, and make of me
An invalid for life. *Anon.*

Here's to the girl who's bound to win,
Her share at least of blisses,
Who knows enough not to go in
When it is raining kisses.

Enough of kisses whose ecstatic stuff,
Endures an age and flickers in a puff;
That undeserved web of foibled toys
Enough of kisses — can there be enough.

KISSING

Here's to the girl with eyes of brown,
If you ask for a kiss she will call you down;
Here's to the girl with eyes of blue,
If you ask for one — she will say, yes, take two.

Here's to the sweets that are out of sight
And not in our lawful diet,
To the stolen day and pilfered night,
To each and every dear delight,
Including the kiss on the quiet.

THE SUMMER GIRL

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.
Sir John Suckling.

She'll learn to smoke a cigarette
And drink a glass of wine;
She'll get a breakfast, lunch, or tea,
An appetite to dine;
She'll flirt in dress decoletté,
She'll think a kiss no sin;
And that's the kind of a summer girl —
Alas! that seems to win.

If a poster you should be,
For general circulation,
A fence or wall or tree
I'd choose for my vocation,
For then you'd surely be
Forever stuck on me.

Talk six times with the same single lady
And you may get the wedding-dress ready.
Byron.

Then, here's to her in full glasses: —
She's the jolliest of lasses,
She's a heated proposition with a curl,
She's an awful fetching creature;
And we love her ev'ry feature —
Eros guard thee, — till next summer, —
Summer-Girl. *French.*

"Let's be gay while we may
And seize love with laughter;
I'll be true as long as you,
But not a moment after."

One-half of me is yours —
The other half yours —
And so all yours.
Shakespeare.

I know not why I love this youth.
Shakespeare.

Here's to the bold and dashing coquette,
Who careth not for me;
Whose heart, untouched by love as yet
Is wild and fancy free.
Toasts of love to the timid dove
Are always going 'round;
Let mine be heard by the untamed bird
And make your glasses sound.

"Here's to the heights of Heaven,
Here's to the depths of Hell,
Here's to the girl who can have a good time
And has sense enough not to tell."

MAN

Oh, why rebuke you him
That loves you so?

Shakespeare.

Neat and trimly drest, and
Fresh as a bridegroom.

Shakespeare.

Oh, turn not from the humble Pig,
My child, or think him infra-dig.
We oft hear literary men
Boast of the influence of the pen;
Yet when we read in History's page
Of human pigs in every age,
From Crœsus to the present day,
Is it, my child, so hard to say
(Despite the Scribes' vain glorious boast)
What Pen has influenced Man the most?

Oliver Herford.

When I said I should die a bachelor,
I did not think
I should live till I were married.

Much Ado About Nothing.

To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons or peers,
Whom we've any time honored by courting their dears.

To no man do I drink but thee.
Owen Meredith.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign. *Shakespeare.*

There's a beautiful toast
To the feminine host —
There's a swing to "the ladies — God bless 'em,"
But the women should cry
With their glasses on high,
A toast to the men who dress 'em!

When a man hasn't anything to say
That is the best time not to say it.

It takes more genius to be a man than manhood to be a genius. As to the differences between men and women I believe that when their accounts have been properly balanced it will be found that it has been a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, both in the matter of sovereignty and of mereness, and therefore without prejudice I propose that the sixes to which I belong shall rise and cordially drink to the health of the other half dozens, our kind and generous hosts of to-night. *Sarah Grand.*

"Man was built after all other things had been made and pronounced good. If not, he would have insisted on giving his orders as to the rest of the job."

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night.

Shakespeare.

He is the half part of a blessed man
Left to be finished by such as she.

Shakespeare.

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a worm, and yet he will be making gods by dozens.

Montaigne.

But man, proud man
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Shakespeare.

"Here's to man: — he is like a kerosene-lamp; he is not especially bright; he is often turned down; he generally smokes; and he frequently goes out at night."

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

Shakespeare.

BACHELORHOOD

To the Bachelor, — who is always free!
To the Husband, — who, sometime, may be!

Of all the Trinities there are,
Or that shall ever be,
There's surely none compares with this —
I, and Myself, and Me!

For we are surely 3 in 1,
And also 1 in 3: —
"A most ingenious paradox" —
I, and Myself and Me.

W. W. C.

Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
"Belle Marquise."
Wrought of rarest rose-Dubary,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, doubtless, — but to marry —
No, Marquise.

Austin Dobson.

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

Rudyard Kipling.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words —
"My dear, where have you been?"

O. W. Holmes.

What kind of money is the root of all evil?
Matrimony! — let's take the vow of poverty.

French.

Pass me the wine. To those that keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate and deep,
I pour libation.

Austin Dobson.

The Hoods that cover free heads: Bachelorhood and Widowhood.

"May we kiss whom we please and please whom we kiss."

Here's to single blessedness!

The Miser may be pleased with Gold
The Sporting Beau with pretty Lass;
But I'm best pleased when I behold
The Nectar sparkling in the glass.

Unknown.

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses
Like liquor in glasses
The last is always the best.

A pipe, a book, a fire, a friend,
A stein that's always full,
Here's to the joys of a bachelor's life,
A life that is never dull.

A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.

GUEST AND HOST

"I thank you for your welcome which was cordial,
And your cordial, which is welcome."

"So health and love to all your mansion;
Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth, joy and song your board illumine."

"Here's a health to thee and thine
From the hearts of me and mine;
And when thee and thine
Come to see me and mine,
May me and mine make thee and thine
As welcome as thee and thine
Have ever made me and mine."

I know thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure —
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

Tom Moore.

Well, here's your good health and your families', and may they live long and prosper. *Joseph Jefferson.*

There's death in the cup — sae beware!
Nay, more — there is danger in touching;
But wha can resist the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching.

Burns.

"Here's to thee and thy folks from me and my folks;
And, if thee and thy folks love me and my folks
As much as me and my folks love thee and thy folks,
Then there never was folks since folks was folks
Love me and my folks as much as thee and thy folks."

Dear honored guests and friends,
The wine of welcome bubbles in our hearts
Fuller than these full cups
In which we drink a health to thee and all —
Waes Hael!

French.

By the bread and salt, by the water and wine,
Thou art welcome, friend, at this board of mine.

French.

Bread —to feed our friendship,
Salt — to keep it true,
Water — that's for welcome,
Wine — to drink to you!

French.

. . . He would have all as merry
As first — good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

King Henry VIII.

You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This to confirm my welcome:
And to you all good health.

King Henry VIII.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
A thousand welcomes you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

While there's life on the lip, while there's warmth in the wine
One deep health I'll pledge, and that health shall be thine.

A health, gentlemen.
Let it go round.

King Henry VIII.

"Repose beneath our fig-tree and our vine,
Unconscious be to thee the flight of time,
And when the waking comes, eat thou our bread,
And drink to fullest measure."

Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down: — (Give me some wine, fill full): —
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.

Macbeth.

There's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

Let us drink to the maker of the feast, our friend and host. May his generous heart, like his good wine, only grow mellower with the years.

One bumper at parting! though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But oh! may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up,
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die in the tears of the cup.

Sheridan.

Here's to ourselves
And wishing all
The wish they wish themselves!

The Wisher.

From the Flowing Bowl

Toast? God bless you!
I have none to give.

BACCHUS

Bacchus, assist us to sing thy great glory,
Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy story;
Wine's first Projector, Mankind's Protector,
Patron to toper, how we adore thee.

Signor Corelli.

Bacchus, God of joys divine, be thy pleasures ever mine;
Smile on this thy votary's prayer, all beside's not worth our care:
All our griefs brisk wine dispel,
Drinking every trouble quells.

Unknown.

"Not a single joy miss I,
Not a single drop, Sir!
All my life to the cask I go,
And by the cask I'll stop, Sir!
Wine I love and singing to't
And the Latin Graces;
If I drink my throat'll do it
Better than Horatius.
Vintage springs our brains about
Dum vinium protanus;
Lads to Bacchus let us shout
Te Deum Laudamus."

LIFE'S JOYS

Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Tom Moore.

"When Father Time swings round his scythe,
Intomb me 'neath the bounteous vine,
So that its juices red and blythe,
May cheer these thirsty bones of mine."

Eugene Field.

"Here's circling the cup hand in hand ere we drink,
Let sympathy pledge us through pleasure, through pain;
That, fast as feeling but touches one link
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain."

Of lives we have but one as far as I can see;
Then speed the joyous hour with song and gayety,
Let fellowship abound, throw sorrow to the wind,
Let not a care be found, and throw misery all behind.
Pour deep the rosy wine and drink a toast with me: —
Here's to the three: Thee, Wine and Camaraderie!

Tom Moore.

"I am old, but give me drink,
Give me spices, give me wine.
I remember when I think
That my youth was half divine."

"Man's life, like old and crusty port,
When near its end requires a strainer.
If life grow like old wine, I'd have
Thy friendship for a strainer."

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone
What nobler substitute than wine?

Byron.

With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver, rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying gloom.

Shakespeare.

The wine-cup is the little silver well
Where truth, if truth there be, doth ever dwell —
Death too is there — and death who would not seek?
And love, that in itself, is heaven or hell.

Ibid.

"Here's to us that are here, to you that are there, and the rest of us everywhere." *Kipling.*

Since Nature mankind for society fram'd
Nature sins, who of drinking's ashamed;
Drink, drink thee a bout; drink thee a bout,
While all interests drown'd; Mirth, Humour and Wit
With the cups shall sail round.

Drink on, drink on, drink on till night be spent and sun do shine,
Did not the gods give anxious mortals wine
To wash all care and troubles from the heart,
Why then so soon should jovial fellows part?
Come, let this bumper for the next make way;
Who's sure to live and drink another day?

H. Purcell.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little way,
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

Omar Khayyam.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do't to-morrow.

John Fletcher.

I drink to the days that are.

Wm. Morris.

And if the wine you drink, the lips you press,
Ends in what all begins and ends in — yes,
Think then you are to-day, what yesterday
You were, to-morrow you shall not be less.

Omar Khayyam.

"To-day I'll haste to quaff the wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow come, — why then, —
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
For Death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the Sable Shore
And grimly bid us — drink no more."

That time flies fast the poet sings;
Then surely it is wise
In rosy wine to dip his wings,
And seize him as he flies.

"This night is ours, then strew with flowers
The moments as they roll:
For if any pain or care remain,
Why, drown it in the bowl."

This lesson oft in life I sing,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee old as I.

Tom Moore.

"Clink, clink your glasses and drink!
To-night let's be merry and drink!"
Why should we trouble borrow?
Care not for sorrow,
A fig for to-morrow,

May the joys of to-day be those of to-morrow,
The goblets of Life hold no dregs of sorrow.
Estelle Foreman.

Which is the properest day to drink —
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Each is the properest day, I think,
Why should I name but one day?
Arne.

May you live all the days of your life.
Swift.

May you live as long as you like, and have all you like as long as you live. *Unknown.*

"Come fill a bumper, fill around.
May mirth and wine and wit abound;
In them alone true wisdom lies —
For to be merry's to be wise."

"May this be our maxim where'er we are twirl'd,
'A fig for the cares of this whirl-a-gig world.'"

"Come, fill up your glasses, and join in the chant,
For no pleasure's like drinking good wine, you must grant;
Then let this be our toast, may we never repine,
May we ne'er want a friend or a good glass of wine."

Here's a health to those that love us,
To those we love a health!
May they never know a dearth
Of the good things of this earth, —
Health, leisure, love and mirth,
And a share of modest wealth.

French.

"In for a high old frolic,
Chiefly alcholic."

"One bottle for four of us!
Thank God there's no more of us!"

Here's to ye absent Lords, may they
Long in a foreign Countree stay;
Drinking at other ladies' boards
The health of other absent Lords.

Old Song.

Would you be a man of fashion?
Would you live a life divine?
Take a little dram of passion
In a lusty dose of wine.

Long live to-day — our own at least,
Shall we to-morrow see?
Take what you can of joy and feast,
And let to-morrow be.

Durant.

Here's to pleasure as you like it.

"While we live, let us live!"

Here's to a long life and a merry one,
A quick death and an easy one,
A pretty girl and a true one,
A cold bottle and another one.

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Geo. Wither.

I've been told by learned friars,
That wishing and the crime are one,
And Heaven punishes desires
As much as if the deed were done.

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our heart's content;
Come then, at least we may enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment.

Tom Moore.

Yonder's the moon, I ken her horn,
She's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines fu' bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

Burns.

Come fill a bumper, fill it round,
May mirth, and wine and wit abound,
In them alone true wisdom lies —
For to be merry's to be wise.

Care to our coffins adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin so merry draws one out.

Dr. Wolcot.

The season of the rose is brief, make haste to pluck your posies;
Another day you'll chance to find bare thorns where bloomed the roses.

Speculum Amantis.

Then comes the wild weather,
Come sleet or come snow;
We will stand by each other
However it blow.

"The good die young; here's hoping you may live to a ripe old age."

"Here's to you two and us two,
If you two like we two
As we two like you two,
Then here's to us four.
But if you two don't like us two
As we two like you two,
Then here's to we two and no more."

WINE AND REVELRY

"God made man
Frail as a bubble.
God made love.
Love made trouble.
God made the vine.
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?"

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing and unthinking time.

Dryden.

So we, Sages, sit,
And 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Tom Moore.

We'll drink then on the Cape of Hope
Its golden juice divine,
And then with yearning hearts and true
We'll think, O distant friends, of you
And mix our tears with wine.

Schubart.

Here's to the friends we class as old,
And here's to those we class as new,
May the new soon grow to us old,
And the old ne'er grow to us new.

"May your dream never be better than the drink!"

Old wine is wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen washes whitest, old soldiers' sweethearts are surest and old lovers are soundest. *John Webster.*

Come friends, come let us drink again,
This liquid from the nectar vine,
For water makes you dumb and stupid,
Learn this from the fishes —
They cannot sing, nor laugh, nor drink
This beaker full of sparkling wine.
Old Dutch Song.

Drink you all right heartily,
Make good cheer and be right merry,
And sing with us now joyfully.

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year.
Welcome Yule.

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all to be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.

Herrick.

Good pies and strong beer.

"*Poor Robin's Almanack,*" *1695.*

Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking,
Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,
English ale that drives out thinking,
Prince of Liquors, old or new.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding,
For the rare mince pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

From France there comes brandy, from Jamaica comes rum,
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come,
Old ale and good Cyder o'er England do roll,
Give me the punch ladle! I'll fathom the bowl.

The jolly bowl does glad my soul,
The flowing liquor cheers my heart;
I'll revel free from all control,
'Tis this that does improve all art.

Old Toast.

Dum vivimus vivamus!

After supper of Heaven we dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
Ourselves by denial we mortify,
With a dainty bit of a Warden Pie;
We're clothed in sackcloth for our sins,
With old sack wine we're lined within;
A Chirping-Cup is our matin song,
And the Vesper Bell is our bowl: Ding-Dong!
What Baron or Squire
Lives half so well as the Holy Friar?

Let love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign.
When Bacchus' treasures crown the board,
We'll drink to the joys his wealth affords;
And they who won't with us comply
Down among the dead men let them lie,
Down! Down! Down! Down!
Down among the dead men let them lie.

Old Song.

If the nymph have no compassion,
Vain it is to sigh or groan;
Love was but put in for fashion,
Wine will do the work alone.

Let us drink, let us drink to the W's three,
To the great spike-team that's a team indeed:
There's the off-wheeler Wine, and Wit in the lead
And the near-horse, the dear-horse, the fragrant Weed.

French.

"Here's to the heart that fills as the bottle empties."

Wine is wont to show the mind of man.

Theognis.

Fire proves the treasures of the mine,
The soul of man is proved by wine.

Theognis.

The goblet crown'd
Breathed aromatic fragrancies around.

Homer.

Fill the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core.
Let us drink! — who would not?
Since through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

Byron.

Fill up the goblet and reach me some,
Drinking makes wise, but dry fasting makes glum.
Wm. R. Alger.

Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there?
Omar Khayyam.

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul, it bids the coward fight:
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words and loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.
Frances's Horace.

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.
Byron.

" A place that is dear to true Bohemians,
A place that exists in the hearts of those that love it,
A place where hearts beat light and hands grasp firm
Where poverty is no disgrace and charity does not chill,
A place where kindred virtues have fled for refuge,
And Mrs. Grundy has no sway."

Come, once more, a bumper! — then drink as you please,
Tho' who could fill half-way to toasts such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting — and, oh, when we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!

Tom Moore.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land,
For only there are the natives true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness of force, or deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
A scholar first, with his book — a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth,
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modelled in clay,
A smith with a marvellous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a plowman, a lord —
And the player is king when the door is past,
The plowman is crowned and the lord is last.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

There is a devil in every berry of the grape.

Koran.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.

Chas. F. Hoffman.

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.

Burns.

To be bowed by grief is folly;
Naught is gained by melancholy;
Better than the pain of thinking,
Is to steep the sense in drinking.

Alcaeus.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.

Tom Moore.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why I drink, —
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

John Sirmond.

Man being reasonable must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication;
Glory, the grape, love, gold — in these are sunk
The hopes of all men and of every nation.

Byron.

"O let be with me to the end
A book, a bottle and a friend.
Fate be not niggard of these three,
Should fortune come!"

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone an' whiskey gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

Burns.

Now we've met like jovial fellows
Let us do as wise men tell us —
Sing old Rose and burn the bellows
When the Bowl with Claret flows.

Anon.

Wine composes the feelings and makes them ready to be influenced;
Care flies and is drowned in plenteous draughts.

Ovid.

I drink no more than a sponge.

Rabelais.

Would you be forever gay, mortals learn of me the way
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love will alone sufficient prove;
If you'd raise and chain the soul
Deeply drain the Spicy Bowl.

Mr. Oliver.

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.

Chaucer.

We are na fou, we're that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Burns.

Where is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour like this to live —
Full to the brim of life's delight?

Tom Moore.

Fill full! why this is as it should be: here
Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces,
Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.

Byron.

If this life that we live be a dreaming
(As pessimist people are thinking)
To induce pleasant dreams there is nothing, meseems,
Like this sweet prescription, —
That baffles description —
This drinking,
and drinking,
and drinking.

Eugene Field.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The planets suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

. . . . . .

Fill all the glasses then, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Abraham Cowley.

"At the goblet's brink,
Let us pause and think,
How they do in Japan.
First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man."

Then hasten to be drunk, — the business of the day.

Dryden.

Oh, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains!

Shakespeare.

Some delight in fighting Fields,
Nobler transports Bacchus yields,
Fill the bowl I ever said, 'tis better to lie drunk than dead.

Toast of 1766.

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly.

N. P. Willis.

"A Frenchman drinks his native wine,
A German drinks his beer,
An Englishman his ''Alf an' 'Alf'
Because it brings good cheer;
The Scotchman drinks his whiskey straight
Because it brings on dizziness,
An American has no choice at all —
He drinks the whole damned business."

"Here's to the bottle which holds a store
Of imprisoned joy and laughter!
Here's to *this* bottle,
Many more bottles,
And others to follow after."

Unknown.

With him who wrote
In dulcet note
Of the grape by the still Charles River,
I come again,
And a lesser strain
At the feet of the muse deliver.

Go pluck the grape,
Lest the sprite escape
That lurks 'neath its purple cover;
Go rob the vine
Of the soul of wine,
And sing and dream like a lover.

"Pass the rosy."

Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Richard III.

There are no sorrows wine cannot allay,
There are no sins wine cannot wash away,
There are no riddles wine knows not to read,
There are no debts wine is too poor to pay.
Le Gallienne.

And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying and divine!
Homer.

For love and song
To the vine belong,
To the vine, with its strength Titanic;
Small wonder it grows
Where the lava flows,
And the warm earth heaves volcanic.

From the East it came
With its warmth of flame,
And the Orient gave it fire;
They sang the vine
In Palestine,
And they trod the grape at Tyre.

And prophet and seer
Of old Judea,
With the wise of all the ages,
Have sung of wine
In strains divine,
From Papyrus to printed pages.

What was praised by them
Shall our lips condemn?
From such cant may the Lord deliver!
Let heart be merry,
God gave his berry,
And God is a careful giver!

Joseph Dana Miller.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair.

Which cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires
The young, makes weariness forget his toil,
And fear her danger; opens a new world
When this, the present, palls.

Byron.

Wine — bring wine —
Flushing high with its growth divine,
In the crystal depth of my soul to shine;
Whose glow was caught
From the warmth which Fancy's summer brought
From the vintage fields in the Land of Thought.

Bayard Taylor.

And liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest in grief an' care;
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
In bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his love or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

Burns.

"Magnum hoc vitium vino est;
Pedes captat primum, lucator dolosus."

"Good wine needs no bush."

Press the grape and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower,
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.
Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine, —
Heaven grant no tears but tears of wine, —
Weep on! and as thy sorrows flow
I'll taste the — luxury of woe.

Tom Moore.

"Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase thy pensive tear;
'Tis not as sweet as Woman's lip,
But oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!"

Now, then, the songs; but, first, more wine.
The Gods be with you, friends of mine!

Eugene Field.

Good company, good wine, good welcome, make good people. *Shakespeare.*

"Let it be tooked zitting, natur liking a smoothness at zich times."

Life Is Life: Zack.

"Come send round the wine and leave points of belief,
To simpleton sages and seas'ning fools;
This moment's a flower, too fair and too brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools;
Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,
But while they're both filled from the same bright bowl
The fool who would quarrel for diff'rence of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed on his soul."

To her who weareth a hundred rings!
Ah, who is this fine lady?
The Vine, boys, the Vine!
The mother of the mighty Wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree
And sometimes very good company.

Cornwall.

"And smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends forever!
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Toward Heaven to-night
And leave dull earth behind us!"

With fond and liberal hand;
O, raise the laughing rim once more,
Here's to our Fatherland!

Williams.

Come, come, good wine
Is a good familiar creature,
If it be well used; exclaim no more against it.

Shakespeare.

Wine wakes the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it,
It helps the headache, cough and tisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Bloody Brother.

He that drinks is immortal
For wine still supplies
What age wears away;
How can he be dust
That moistens his clay.

H. Purcell.

Gods my life, what glorious claret!
Blessed be the ground that bore it!
'Tis Avignon. Don't say a flask of it;
Into my soul I pour a cask of it.

Than all the flood before had done.

Butler.

Wine fills the veins and healths are understood,
To give our friends a title to our blood.

Waller.

Here's to good old Whiskey
So amber and so clear,
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lips,
But a d——d sight more sincere.

Anon.

Say why did Time,
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.

Thomas Moore.

Here's to old Adam's crystal ale,
Clear, sparkling and divine,
Fair H_2O, may long you flow!
We drink your health (in wine).

Oliver Herford.

"Three cups of wine a prudent man may take,
The first of them for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best;
The third and last, to lull him to his rest."

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that Beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoyed;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Sung in Ye Publick Garden.

Had Neptune when first he took charge of the Sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't and instead of his brine,
Would have filled the vast ocean with generous wine.

Mr. Popely.

May the juice of the grape enliven each soul,
And good humor preside at the head of each bowl.

We came into this world naked and bare,
We go through this world full of sorrow and care;
We go out of this world we know not where,
But if we're good fellows here we'll be thoroughbreds there.

When you go up the hill of Prosperity
May you never meet any friend coming down.

May Dame Fortune ever smile on you
But never her daughter — Miss Fortune.

"Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle
He was all for love and a little for the bottle."

And wine can of their wits beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile.

Homer.

Drain the cup —
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Thackeray.

Let's fill " the precious porcelain of human clay " with this good drink.

The Potter (French).

Who does not love wine, woman and song —
Remains a fool his whole life long.

Mingles with the friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Pope.

Then fill the bowl — away with care,
Our joys shall always last, —
For hope shall lighten days to come
And memory gild the past.

Tom Moore.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
As nature bids 'em do;
But let us drink with main and might,
For that's our nature too.

French.

For without love or wine, now own!
What wouldst thou be, O man! A Stone.

Lessing.

Let the free soul spurn care's control,
And while the glad days shine,
We'll use their beams for Youth's gay dreams
Of Love and Song and Wine.

John Hay.

Thereby it is a plain case, that Orthodox is a hard word, and Greek for Claret. *Congreve.*

Let with a wreath the brimming bowl be crowned,
And quaff the draught divine!
Sir Topers, not in Europe to be found
Is such another wine.

Then let us quaff it, let us everywhere
E'er joy and mirth combine!
And if we knew a man bow'd by despair,
We'd give to him the wine.

Claudius.

"Any Port in a storm."

While we live let's live in clover
For when we're dead we're dead all over.

The sixtieth cup makes me wise with wine,
A thousand riddles clear as crystal shine;
And much I wonder what it can have been
That used to puzzle this poor head of mine.
Yet with the morn the wine-deserted brain
Sees all its riddles trooping back again: —
Say, am I sober when I see naught clear?
And am I drunk when I see all things plain?

Le Gallienne.

Now that you have banqueted upon these more substantial dainties, I invite you to partake of the more delicate diet of tongues and sounds.

Joseph H. Choate.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
Men in years forget they're old;
Women leave their coy disdaining,
Who till then, were shy and cold;
Makes a niggard slight his gold
And the foppish entertaining.

John Eccles.

A fig for Burgundy, Claret or Mountain,
A few scanty glasses must limit your wish;
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily drinks like a fish!

Thomas Hood.

Wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

Parnell.

Then to avoid the gross absurdity
Of a dry bottle 'cause there must some blood
Be spilt (on the Enemies' side, I mean) you may
Have there a rundlet of brisk claret, and
As much of Alicante.

W. Carbrought.

Drink! for you know not whence you come, nor why:
Drink, for you know not why you go, nor where.

Omar Khayyam.

"While you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you shall never return."

Omar Khayyam.

Fill up the bowl, upon my soul,
Your troubles you'll forget, sir,
If it takes more, fill twenty score,
Till you have drowned regret, sir.

Alfred Breun.

I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion. *Cervantes.*

To these the invention of Champagne and truffles:
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.
Byron.

Declare thy name; not mortal is this juice,
Such as the unbless'd Cyclopean climes produce,
. . . . . .
A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods.
But this descended from the bless'd abodes, —
Homer.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.
Othello.

Come, Thaliarchus, now dispel the cold,
Spare not the faggots, make a roaring fire,
Bring out the jar of Sabine four-year-old,
Let plenteous draughts of wine good cheer inspire.
Horace.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. *Othello.*

Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.
Francis Bacon.

On one occasion some one put a very little wine into a wine-cooler, and said that it was sixteen years old. "It is very small for its age," said Gnathæna.

Athenaeus.

Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please — the more because they preach in vain —
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

Byron.

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,
Are things which make an English evening pass.

Byron.

One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirit in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise,
And taste.

Milton.

Then who'd be grave when wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking,
And magic grapes give angel-shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Capt. Morris.

" Fetch me Ben Jonson's skull, and fill't with sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledged and did agree
It was no sin to be drunk as he! "

Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of the best;
I hope your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down fall butler, bowl and all!

" Then here goes another," says he, " to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Samuel Lover.

So Noah, when he anchored safe on
The mountain top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore,
Were on the new world set ashore;
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate the vine,
Which since has overwhelmed and drowned,
Far greater numbers on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,

O hour of all hours most blessed upon earth,
Blessèd hour of our dinners.

Owen Meredith.

The tocsin of the stomach — the dinner bell.

Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both. *Shakespeare.*

Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.
Shakespeare.

All human history attests
That happiness for man, — the hungry sinner! —
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.
Byron.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

But as thy meat, so thy immortal wine
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
And spring fresh rosebuds, while the salt, the wit,
Flows from the wine, and graces it.

This dinner makes me wish I was a camel — happy animal; it has several stomachs.

Serenely full the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.
Sydney Smith.

In after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine.
Tennyson.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard.
Taming of the Shrew.

At dinner-time
I pray you bear in mind where we must meet.
Merchant of Venice.

CHAMPAGNE

Here's to Champagne!
That drink divine —
Which makes us forget our troubles: —
It's made from a dollar's worth of wine
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.

Ibid.

Great Spirit of the grape — delirious kiss
Of lips immortal from the sky,
Rare nectar of Olympus, born of bliss,
Bright spark of Aphrodite's eye,
Smile on, for well you know the truth of this
When "Mumm's the word" we're extra dry.

Madge Merton.

Bird of the North! By instinct fine
You sought a perfect sea.
And we to-night from sparkling wine
Will make that place for thee!
No longer seek the rippling brine,
Or haunt the marshy waste,
But dip your wing in drink divine,
With celery to your taste.

Bird of the blest, a choicer wave
Flows o'er our goblet's brim,
And in it you shall sweetly lave,
And in it you shall swim!
No more the waters beat your breast,
Your tired wings brave the sky,
But you shall have eternal rest,
And float in "Extra Dry."

Major Maginnis.

Burgundy's juice is red as blood
That warms a maiden's veins;
And clear as amber from the flood
The yellow wines of Spain;
Pure and bright as summer showers
The vintage of the Rhine,
The drops of Bordeaux's purple bowers
Fit for the Gods! Divine!
But Oh! these sparkling drops of bliss
From vine-crowned towers of Rheims,
That touch my lips like a woman's kiss
And light my heart like flames!
That sparkle like the laughing light
Of Aphrodite's eye,
And thrill me with their sweet delight —
I love thee — "Extra Dry."

Ibid.

By many a cold Alaskan lake,
And many an azure mere,
Whose sources from the glaciers break
On Arctic mountains drear,
The Mercury of the air and flood —
Chief of the web-foot race —
The canvas-back rears her young brood
And has her nesting-place.
Five thousand miles she cleaves the air,
O'er range and plain and peak,
And guides them to the pastures fair
That line the Chesapeake.
Tossed in the storm, burned in the sun,
The celery greets her eye;
In the cool wave she dips her down,
For she is " Extra Dry."

Ibid.

WHISKEY

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn.

Burns.

Freedom and whiskey gang thegither!
Tak aff your dram!

Burns.

Some say three fingers, some say two; —
I leave the choice to you.

John Hay.

"A drop of whiskey
Ain't a bad thing right here!"

Bret Harte.

I take mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Bret Harte.

The man that drinks hot whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live
And dies a jolly good fellow.

Old Song.

Let other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, and wines, and drucken Bacchus,
And crabbit names and stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

Burns.

Now fill your glasses ane an' a'
And drink the toast I gie ye, O,
"To merry chiels and lasses braw,
And every joy be wi' ye, O."
Fair fa' the whiskey, O,
Fair fa' the whiskey, O,
What wad a drouthy body do,
If 'twere nae for the whiskey, O?

D. Henderson.

BRANDY

Distilled damnation.

Robert Hall.

Vive l'eau de vie!

Dearest of Distillation! last and best.

Parody on Milton.

As for the Brandy, "Nothing extenuate;"
And the water, "Put naught in in malice."

Douglass Jerrold.

Claret is the liquor for boys, Port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

In the "water of life" let us drink long life to it.

RUM

Rum? — I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Bret Harte.

Drink rum, drink rum,
Drink rum, by Gum, with me;
For I don't give a damn
For any damn man
That won't take a drink with me.

Chaldean Inscription.

Rum, rum, Jamaica rum,
Who in thy praise is dumb?
The rich, the poor, the gay, the glum,
All call thee good, Jamaica Rum.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion. *Byron.*

BEER AND ALE

Here's to good old ale. Drink it down.

Old Song.

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.

Chaucer.

O guid ale comes and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Robert Burns.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

Bishop Still.

I gulp my sorrows down
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old Nut Brown.

George Arnold.

Thou reprobate Mortal, why dost thou not know,
Whither after your death, all you Drunkards must go —
Must go when we're dead? Why, sir, you may swear,
We shall go, one and all, where we find the best beer.

George Berg.

Ale is meat, drink and cloth; it will make a cat speak and a wise man dumb. *Swift.*

Here
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit:
Alas!
They passed
Unheeded by —
And as they fly
I,
Being dry,
Sit idly sipping here,
My beer.

George Arnold.

A pot of good double beer, neighbor; drink and fear not.

Henry VI.

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale,
For Our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Ancient MS. Col. of Thos. Wright, Esq.

A jolly Wassail Bowl,
A Wassail of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul,
That setteth this to sale.

Pitson's Ancient Songs.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's wool,
Add sugar, nutmeg and ginger,
With store of ale, too;
And thus ye must do
To make the Wassail a swinger.

Old English.

For drink, there was beer which was very strong when not mingled with water, but was agreeable to those who were used to it. They drank this with a reed, out of the vessel that held the beer, upon which they saw the barley swim. *Xenophon.*

Gae fill the three pint cup o' ale
The maul maun be above the meal,
We houp your ale is stark and stout
For men to drink the auld year out.

Ancient.

TODDY

Toddy is a corruption of Taudi, the Hindu name for the sweet juice of palm-spathes or Jabu (jabber?) Juice.

"Helen's Babies" — Toddy and Budge —
In 'em both, to 'em both!

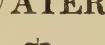
The Mixer (*French*).

Farewell to Toddy, steaming hot,
'Tis cold stuff has the call;
Crushed ice and straws are what we want,
And not the boiling ball.

Bring out the pungent, juicy lime,
The pineapple and mint;
For soon it will be summer time: —
Drink hearty! do not stint.

Rameses II.

WATER



(*Being Toasts, Tracts, Pledges and Awful Warnings.*)

I would fain die a dry death.
The Tempest.

We sing the praises of water.
John Pierpont.

How beautiful the water is!
To me 'tis wondrous sweet —
For bathing purposes and sich;
But liquor's better neat.
Mrs. C. O. Smith.
(*Somewhat altered by French*).

What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

O water! pure, free of pollution,
I vainly wish that I dared trust it;
But "I've an iron constitution,
And much I fear that water'd rust it."
French.

Take the glass away: —
I know I hadn't oughter: —
I'll take a pledge — I will —
I never will drink water.

French.

Water — the dirty stuff, it's only fit for navigation.
Kentucky Colonel (*W. C. S.*)

The town of Plymouth, England, was given its first regular water supply during the mayoralty of Sir Francis Drake, and, in grateful recollection of the services, many of its citizens indulge annually in a quaint and interesting ceremony to his honor. In water from the head weir, they drink to the memory of Sir Francis, and then, in wine, to the sentiment, "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want for wine."

When the Pretender, Charles Stuart, was an exile in France, his adherents in England, not daring to drink his health openly, that being accounted high treason, resorted to an ingenious device by which they appeared to drink to the reigning monarch in the customary words of the royal toast, "The King;" but the wine-glass, as it was raised to the mouth, was passed over a tumbler, or other vessel, filled with the most useful mineral, Adam's Ale, and the health, in pantomine, became, "The King over the water."

THIRST

"Honor, love, fame, wealth may desert us, but thirst is eternal."

Sinful youth, sinful youth,
You must die, you must die!
I can hardly tell the truth,
I'm so dry, I'm so dry.

Anon.

A small glass, and thirsty!
Be sure never ask it:
Man might as well serve up
His soup in a basket.

Leigh Hunt.

Why, who would burst
With envious thirst,
When he can live by wining?
A roseate hue seems to imbue
The world on which I'm blinking;
My fellow men — I love them when
I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

Eugene Field.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst;
Where there aren't no ten commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst.

Rudyard Kipling.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change from thine.

Ben Jonson.

Protect us from the curse of adipsy.

F.

O thrice accursed
Be a champagne thirst,
When the price of beer's all we've got.

O Holy Thirst! light on our goblet's brink —
Thou piquant zest that blessest ev'ry drink.
But, Oh, we pray thee! come not thou anigh us, —
Save when thy pleasing antidote is by us.

French.

In Mixed Ale

THE COLLEGES

Amherst

Here's to the College whose colors we wear,
Guide of the scholar's dreams,
Here, too, is homeage to bright golden hair,
And eyes where the coy love gleams.
Youth's fond visions with glad toils of mind,
In thy smile's calm radiance thus in one are twined,
Hail, Alma Mater, our lives' eve will bear,
Light from thy genial beams.

Amherst.

Bates

In future years 'mid other scenes
Whatever our lot may be,
By friendship's cord, thou noble Bates,
Our hearts still cling to thee.

Giles and Remick.

Bowdoin

When bright skies were o'er us, and life lay before us,
'Neath Bowdoin's pines we gathered far and near,
So filling our glasses and pledging our classes
We'll drink a toast to Alma Mater, dear.
Drink! Drink! Clink! Clink! Clink!
Smash your glass in splinters when you're done.

Bowdoin

Fill with sparkling wine your glasses,
Drink to knowledge and to light;
Drink to love, and joy and pleasure,
All beneath the Brown and White.

Leigh.

Butler

So here's a glass we pledge to thee,
Our Alma Mater — Butler;
And happy may'st thou ever be,
Our dear old college Butler.

Jessie Christian Brown.

Brown

Oh! then as in memory backwards we wander
And roam the long vista of past years adown,
On the scenes of our student life often we'll ponder,
And smile as we murmur the name of old Brown.

Bucknell

To thee we swear our proud allegiance,
Thy loyal sons are we, and true;
Nor time, nor tide, nor fortune's pageants
Shall daunt the Orange and the Blue.

California

Right overhead a jovial crew,
And once you've seen him you're all right;
He's center rush in the Heaven's I swear,
A Californian through and through.

Chicago

We advise you, kind friends, keep an eye on this place,
Chicago, Chicago,
It has entered the race and it will set the pace,
Chicago, Chicago.

Colorado

Here's to the college colors we wear,
Here's to the hearts that are true,
Here's to the maid with golden hair,
Here's to the maiden we woo.
Garlands of silver white lilies entwined,
And hearts that are true and wills combined,
Hail! Hail! to the College whose colors we wear,
Hurrah for the silver and gold.

Columbia

One last toast e'er we part,
Written on every heart,
This motto stay:
Long may Columbia stand,

Honored throughout the land,
Our Alma Mater grand,
Now and for aye.

Dartmouth

Dartmouth, our Dartmouth,
Loyal we are to thee;
Thy honors ours shall be
Ours to maintain;
Dartmouth shall be our pride,
Dartmouth, New Hampshire's bride,
Dearer than all beside,
Mother of men.

De Pauw

Till then with joy our song we'll bring,
And while a breath we'll draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
In praise of old De Pauw.

E. J. Biedermann.

Dickinson

Men may come and men may go
Noble Dickinsonian,
Yet in deep and peaceful flow
Noble Dickinsonian;
Shall thy stream of learning wide,

Thro' the ages grandly glide,
Ever to thy sons a pride,
Noble Dickinsonian.

Horatio C. King.

Georgetown

Furl her standard never,
Raise it high and proudly cry
We're Georgetown's sons forever,
See the grand old banner gleaming,
Georgetown's Blue and Gray.

Greenville

In the midst of rolling prairies,
'Neath fair skies of blue,
Stands our glorious Alma Mater,
Glorious to view;
Hail to thee! Our Alma Mater,
Hail! All hail! Greenville.

W. A. Joy.

Haverford

Here's to Haverford, dearest of mothers,
From sons who are loving and leal,
From sons who will never forsake her,
To the mother who never turns back,
The right little, tight little Quaker,
Who flutters the Scarlet and Black.

Francis B.

Harvard

Here's to Johnny Harvard;
Fill him up a full glass,
Fill him up a glass to his name and fame,
And at the same time
Don't forget his true love;
Fill her up a bumper to the brim.

We never drink; 'tis very clear,
Because the fizz is very dear,
But send us in a keg of beer
And watch us wink, wink, wink;
Then drink, drink, drink, drink,
Pass the wine cup free;
Drink, drink, drink, drink,
Jolly boys are we.
Free from care and despair,
What care we?
Here's to the wine divine
That brings us jollity!

Iowa Wesleyan

Let every face be bright,
Let every heart delight,
In Royal Purple and White,
Of I. W. U.

U. W. Huston.

Knox

Still we'll summon hope and beauty,
From our stores of memories old,
And go forth to love and duty,
'Neath the Purple and the Gold.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

Kansas

If envious tongues assail her fame
We'll load the winds with her good name,
And point with honest Kansas pride,
To wisdom's portals opened wide.

John Hopkins

We'll pour forth our praise to dear old Johns Hopkins,
Rah! for the Black, boys, Rah! for the Blue, Boys,
Rah! for Johnny Hopkins, Rah!
Rah! For Johnny Hopkins, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Lafayette

Like a queen enthroned
Gemmed with beauty' crown,
From her seat of em'rald
Lafayette looks down;
On Olympus set
Hail to Lafayette.

Sciple.

Leland Stanford

From the foot-hills to the Bay,
It shall ring, as we sing;
It shall ring and float alway —
Hail, Stanford, Hail!

A. W. Smith.

Lehigh

Fill with sparkling wine your glasses,
Drink to knowledge and to light,
Drink to love and joy and pleasure,
All beneath the Brown and White.

Atkinson.

Manhattan

At Base-ball her men are corkers,
Her Debaters are star talkers,
The Glee Club has a cinch on Melpomene's crown;
They're taught every kind of knowledge,
Here's to you, Manhattan College,
You're the very best there is in New York town.

E. L. C.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Of course I like the M. I. T.,
Jolly good place for fun, you see,
You can work from nine to six by day,
And from seven to one, at night, they say,

And go to bed with an aching head
And a weary sense of work undone,
And a wonder strong as to where's the fun
If you study at M. I. T.

Midland

Enshrined in loyal hearts and true,
Her name we'll guard, her honor too,
Each victory hail with shouts anew,
Rah-rah-rah for Midland.

Granville H. Nuixell.

University of Michigan

Hail to the colors that float in the light,
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue!
Hail to the College whose colors we wear,
Hurrah for the Yellow and Blue.

New York University

The Violet — we sing its praise,
The Violet — our voices raise!
With steadfast faith and loyal manhood true,
We pledge the Violet of N. Y. U.

Nebraska

Here's to the hearts that are true,
Hail Alma Mater! Nebraska so fair,
Hail to our colors too;

Garlands of Scarlet and Cream intertwine,
And hearts that are true, and voices combine,
Hurrah for the Scarlet and Cream.

North Carolina

I'll tell them how, as Junior I broke so many hearts,
That Cupid doubtless had to bring a new supply of darts;
A Senior too, I strolled around with dignity and pride,
And for my verdant Freshman days I wished again and sighed,
But when I am an old man, my babies on my knee,
I'll teach them that the alphabet begins with U. N. C.

College of the City of New York

Thus, when the twilight shadows deepen,
When the pipe and hearth are lit,
Vanish years, and care and sorrow,
As the meeting smoke wreaths flit.
Once again I hear the old voices,
Once again the dear old cry,
Faintly ring its dying echo,
Rah! Rah! C. C. N. Y.!

Oregon

And we'll have the world to know,
That the bonds can never be broken,
Formed in dear old U. of O.

I. M. Glen.

Princeton

I wish I had a barrel of rum
And sugar three hundred pounds,
With the chapel bell to put it in
And the clapper to stir it 'round.
I'd drink to the health of Nassau, boys,
And the girls both far and near,
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
And a son of a Gambolier.

Princeton

Come now, fill up the flowing cup
To dear old Nassau Hall,
And since we're here let's with good cheer,
Drink to the health of all.

Pennslyvania

And so while dear old Penn. shall stand,
Among her loyal host,
From heart to heart throughout the land
Shall ring this triple boast:
We'll hail the College undismayed,
The fairest flag unfurl,
And with them pledge the sweetest maid,
The Pennsylvania girl.
Tho' all that's best, from East to West,
She is the queen, the pearl,

The maid to whom all hearts are true,
The Pennsylvania girl —
The maid who wears the Red and Blue —
The Pennsylvania girl.

Radcliffe

Fair Radcliffe, we bring thee our burden of praise,
With reverence nearing the shrine,
Let the worth and the honor of aught we achieve,
Beneficent Mother! be thine.

Smith

Fair Smith, we have trodden thy echoing halls,
We have met in the shade of thy ivy clad walls,
Long, long may they stand in their beauty and pride,
While virtue and knowledge within them abide.

H. H. Boardman.

Scio

Long may the gold be a beacon,
To light up the pathway of life,
May thy purple e'er be the true Royal,
Which shall keep us too, noble for strife.

Syracuse

Flag we love! Orange! Float for aye,
Old Syracuse o'er thee.

May sons be leal and loyal
To thy memory.

Charles Gayleg.

Swarthmore

We will tender mem'ries gather
From the past so gray,
Then you'll hear the old grads singing
As they did of yore,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail! all hail! Swarthmore!

Vassar

Let us sing to dear old Vassar,
May she strong and firmly stand;
May she ever bless and grace the homes
Of this our native land;
With her aims so high and noble,
We will sing our whole life through,
Long live our Alma Mater,
Here's your daughters' love to you.

Here's to Vassar College, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to Vassar College,
It's our fountainhead of knowledge,
Drink it down.

Washington

The colors she wears are those that of old
Adorned only Kings — the Purple and Gold.
Yes, royal are they, which she wears on her breast,
Our loved Alma Mater, bright star of the West.

Sarah E. Sprague.

Wells

Throughout our future lives, Wells, we will honor thee,
Inspired by thy pure light
Forever more shall be
Our aim " Ha-be-re et-dis-per-ti-re."

Arranged by Ernest Carter.

Wesleyan

Here's a health to Wesleyan,
May her fame be ever fair;
May her many stalwart sons
Still strive for her to do and dare.
Pledge our Alma Mater, boys,
For our love she shall not lack,
Fill your glasses to the brim
And pledge our colors — Red and Black.

Williams

Come fill your glasses up,
To Williams, to Williams.

O come fill a loving cup
To Williams, to Williams.
We drink the wine to-night
Drink the wine that makes hearts light,
Come fill your glasses up,
To Williams, to Williams.

Wisconsin

Our watch-cry for Wisconsin,
For our God and Native Land.

Yale

For we think it is but right, sir,
On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir,
To get most gloriously tight, sir,
To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have at old Yale, sir,
To drive dull care away.

Let him be kept from paper, pen and ink,
That he may cease to write and learn to think.

For God, for Country and for Yale.

Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Yale,
She's so hearty and so hale,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.

Harvard and Yale

Their children have in peace and war, in life and death deserved well of the Republic. Smile Heaven upon this conjunction.

"Words are but breath; but where good deeds are done,
A power abides transferred from sire to son."

THE LAW

"Fiat justitia ruat cœlum."

For Justice all earth a temple and all seasons summer.

R. G. Ingersoll.

"Here's to the earliest reported case of ejectment: — *In re* Adam *et ux.*"

"Here's to the earliest case of ejectment cited in the marine reports: — *In re* Jonah."

There take, says Justice, take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
'Twas a fat oyster — live in peace — adieu.

Pope.

This is not necessarily a "brief" toast — the Law! Its best Judges are men of great trials and many convictions. It is proper to drink "to the Lawyer's success, either here or before the bar!"

Fond of doctors, little health,
Fond of lawyers, little wealth.

Anon.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.
Coke.

"Our standing toast — the man that makes his own will."

"The welfare of the people is the highest law."

The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers.
Henry VI.

May the depth of our potations never cause us to let judgment go by default. *Anon.*

"Virtue in the middle," said the Devil, as he seated himself between two lawyers.

"Who taught me first to litigate,
My neighbor and my brother hate,
And my own rights overrate?
My lawyer."

"Who lied to me about his case,
And said we'd have an easy race,
And did it all with solemn face?
My client."

Of the professions it may be said that soldiers are becoming too popular, parsons too lazy, physicians too mercenary and lawyers too powerful. *Colton.*

Now you who have got a few odd hours to spare,
Will do better in England by far;
For there the bartenders are all maidens fair,
Who'll chat with you over the bar.

"To our favorite pudding — Suet."

Let us drink to what Milton calls, —
"Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees."

"A lawyer quite famous for making a bill,
And who in good living delighted,
To dinner one day with hearty good will
Was by a rich client invited.
But he charged six and eight pence for going to dine,
Which the client he paid, though no ninny,
And in turn charged the lawyer the dinner and wine,
One a crown and the other a guinea.

"The lawyer he paid it and took a receipt,
While the client stared at him with wonder,
With the produce he gave a magnificent treat
But the lawyer soon made him knock under.
That his client sold wine, information he laid,
Without license, and spite of his storming,
The client a good thumping penalty paid,
And the lawyer got half for informing."

Old English Ballad.

"May we always lie upon our left sides, since the law will not permit us to sleep on our rights."

A countryman between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats. *Benjamin Franklin.*

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
Shakespeare.

If lying were a capital crime,
The hangman would work overtime.
Anon.

Justice while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.
Butler.

"Here's to bride and mother-in-law,
Here's to groom and father-in-law,
Here's to sister and brother-in-law,
Here's to friends and friends-in-law,
May none of them need an attorney-at-law."

"Should troubles incline you to law with a friend,
You'd better remain as you are;
If you take it to Court both must lose in the end —
That's the only relief at the Bar."

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.
Pope.

MEDICINE

"The health of the sick."

Alphonse Kerr.

How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of Camomile.

Moore.

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem; but although we sneer
In health — when ill we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.

Byron.

To mankind we drink: — 'tis a pleasant task: —
Heaven bless it and multiply its wealth;
But it is a little too much to ask
That we should drink its *health.*

The Fizishun (French).

And Nathan, being sick, trusted not in the Lord, but sent for a physician, — and Nathan was gathered unto his fathers. *Old Testament.*

After death, the doctor.

Herbert.

It is told of a certain doctor, an Irishman, who was famous both for his skill and his love of money, that he had a very profitable patient upon whom he was in daily attendance. She was bedridden from rheumatism, and, during the physician's visit, she invariably held in her hand the one pound note for his fee. As he tiptoed into her room one morning, he saw that she was dead, and, reverently approaching the bed, he lifted one of her hands in which she held the usual crisp bill. "Poor soul, poor soul!" he sighed, as he gently detached and pocketed the money, "she was sensible to the last."

When taken
To be well shaken.
Geo. Coleman, Jr.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said,
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
Gay.

See one physician, like a sculler plies,
The patient lingers and by inches dies,
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him more swiftly to the Stygian Shores.
"*D.*" (*Probably John Dunscomb.*)

When I was sick you gave me bitter pills.
Shakespeare.

Let those who will toast Charity, Faith and Hope;
To a greater virtue our wine we'll tope,
(To the one we pray for early and late;
For all comes to him that knows how to wait), —
Here's hoping we may have *patients*.

General Praktishener (*French*).

THEOLOGY

"Oh, for a forty parson power."

A little round, fat, oily man of God.
Thomson.

His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer.
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.
Tennyson.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year,
And that which was proved true before,
Proved false again. Two hundred more.
Butler.

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The new commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
Longfellow.

It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the Belfry. *Longfellow.*

Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth. *Douglas Jerrold.*

To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
Pope.

One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven. *Young.*

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
Tennyson.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.
Prior.

A God alone can comprehend a God. *Young.*

JOURNALISM

"The Press — where it is free, the people are free. Where it is fettered, they are slaves."

Here's to the favorite child of the Journalist — that precocious little lad — Eddy Torial.

French.

"The Newspaper — May it fight like an army in the defence of right with strong *columns* and good *leaders*."

The Pen — May it ever be a sword to pierce wrong and falsehood to the heart.

The Reporter — A strange creation, with a gimlet for a nose, telescopes for eyes and phonographs for ears.

French.

The Editor — Whose opinions, political, religious and sociological, are always his own — and sometimes his paper's.

French.

"Good *Times*, a merry *Life*, a *World* of luck and everything nice under the *Sun* to Newspaper men."

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain;
Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain.

Joseph Story.

The Press — The "tongue" of the country; may it never be cut out.

THE STAGE

Almost the whole world are players.
Petronius Arbiter.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
Shakespeare.

Here's to the Actor, friendliest of men!
Who "takes the part" of others now and then,
And if with a comrade he gets in a rage
He's sure to "make up" ere he seeks the stage!
Anon.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the sworn dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.
Byron.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only when he was off, he was acting.
Goldsmith.

A beggarly account of empty boxes.
Shakespeare.

"The play's the thing:" Here's to it and all good players.

May all bad actors begin and end in the "Supe."

In "bumpers" that show no "daylight,"
Let us toast all the kindly crew
That move us to tears and laughter: —
Dear friends, we are drinking to you.
The Playgoer (*French*).

High over all you sit,
And when we score a hit,
You're game to howl a bit, —
Critics judicious.

Now, here's a health to you,
And, when we miss our cue,
Don't make a wild to-do: —
Gods, be propitious.
The Comedian (*French*).

"Like cures like," so, for fear the "grease-paint" has injured us, let's take a little "nose-paint."

"The Manager: — The only man in the world that pays people for playing."

"May Melpomene never follow us off the stage."

"The Actor: — A paradox who plays when he works and works when he plays."

Twinkle, twinkle, great big Star;
You're a wonder, yes, you are.
Now, your health we "liquidate:"
Shine, but never sin-till-late.

The Asteroid (French).

SPORTS

Base-Ball

Pitcher: — Low ball or high-ball?
Batter: — High-ball.
Catcher (*Signalling*): — Inner curve.
Umpire: — Four balls.
Bar-Keep: — Play ball.

The Captain.

Here's to the nine Muses: — they must have been a ball-team. *S. Stoppe.*

To the men that never steal but one thing — bases.
C. Field.

May we make home-runs only in the games of life and love. *L. Field.*

Let us drink to the greatest of winged insects and the two noblest birds — the fly, the fowl and the bat.
T. Bass.

Our favorite gem — the diamond.
T. Bass.

The Umpire! — he has done what he could; let us forgive what is left of him. *The Nine.*

Cricket

The toast of obligation and good policy — to the patron saint of Cricket, — Saint Peter, the first wicket-keeper. *S. Legge.*

May we always keep our *stumps* in the battle of life and never have to be *bailed* out on its sea.

B. Atsman.

The Ladies! — the only bowlers we fear when we are at the *popping-crease.* *W. Keeper.*

Here's to the only man in the world that has "position without magnitude" — the Point.

B. Owler.

Golf

Here's to three of the finest things in the world — a beautiful color (green), a lucky number (fore), a good drink (tee). *D. Ryver.*

Let us quaff a glass in pity
To the man that never lied,
But stuck to facts in big and little things;

For it is sure as shooting
That he never could have tried
To tell the truth and play the game-of-Kings.
B. Rassie.

The Caddie — God bless him, "lest we forget."
P Utter.

A bumper to the fond familiar spirit
Who, on the links, is ever, ever by us,
Assisting with our score,
While fancy learns to soar —
We drink to thee, O shade of Ananias.
N. I. Blick.

Foot Ball

Let us play such a clean game on the gridiron in this world that we shall not go where there are gridirons in the next. *Q. Backe.*

May the *end* always justify the means.
G. Oal.

It is well to have friends everywhere, so here's luck to the cook and the devil, our fellow craftsmen on the gridiron. *D. R. Opkicke.*

To the only men on earth that are not intolerant of interference.
F. Ullbak.

Tennis

Ich Dien.

"They truly serve who only stand and wait."

"When we have matched our rackets to three balls."
King Henry V.

To the only sure winner of love-sets — The Ladies.

The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings.
King Henry VIII.

Our wicked selves — We would rather have *faults* than misfortunes.

Be the first to the field and the last to the couch.
Chinese Saying.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.
Garfield.

"To all on earth that travel
In merry green be grace,
To woodland and the meadows,
To huntsmen and the chase."

Hunting

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return,
To enjoy our dear bottle and glass,
And all be as ready as ever next morn
To go back to the jovial chase;
Thus Nimrod's diversion we'll keep in renown,
And each night — with a bumper, our day's sport we'll crown.

R. Riddell.

Here's a health to all Hunters, and long be their lives,
May they never be crossed by their sweethearts or wives;
May they rule their own passions, and ever at rest,
As the most happy men, be they also the best;
And free from all cares which the many surround,
Be happy at last when they see no more hounds.

FRATERNITIES

Let us meet on the level and part on the square.

'Tis Masonry unites mankind, to generous actions forms the soul,
In friendly converse all conjoined, one spirit animates the whole.
Sing, brethren, then, the Craft divine, best band of social joy and mirth;
With choral sound, and cheerful wine, proclaim its virtues o'er the earth.

Here's a health, my brother!
Friendship, beauty, truth,
Love that thrills the bosom,
Hopes that beckon youth —
Pledge them all together,
All that's fair and true —
Hands all 'round, my brothers,
Here's to old Psi U.

Prof. C. T. Winchester.

All free-born sons of the ancient and honorable craft.

To all ancient freemasons, wherever dispersed.

May the foundation of every lodge be solid, its buildings sure, and its members both numerous and happy.

Every brother who keeps the key of knowledge from intruders, but cheerfully gives it to a worthy brother.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm stand,
Let's be merry and put a bright face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and accepted Mason.

1731.

FIREMEN

The Firemen — May their names be recorded in letters of gold upon the bright "roll" of immortality.

Anon.

They are bright stars on parade, and rainbows of hope in the storm of danger.

The Firemen —
In union may they toast each other's names,
The world their friend, their only foe — the flames.

The Firemen — May the ladies never cast cold water on the flame of their affections.

While poets chant in wild enraptured lays
The seaman's valor, or the soldier's praise,
A theme as noble claims my present toast;
It is — "The Firemen, our city's boast."

FESTIVALS AND HOLIDAYS

The New Year

"The Ladies, God Bless Them!" 'tis thus they address them.

"To Our Friends Who Are Absent!" is then the next toast.

Then: "Here is Success to You! May Naught Bring Distress to You."

"A Health to Us All, Not Forgetting Our Host!"

"The New Year is ringing in, May he be bringing in the Good Times we've waited for so long in vain!" Without the demanding, all rise and drink standing, And so say we all of us again and again.

Unknown.

Fourth of July

The day we celebrate, — may it follow the flag around the world.

The Fourth of July — like oysters, it cannot be enjoyed without crackers.

To the *entente cordiale* between the lion and the eagle.

French.

The American Eagle — The older he grows the louder he screams and the higher he flies. *French.*

To the Englishman who was once our enemy, is now our friend and shall be our brother; — for "blood is thicker than water," and "language binds closer than blood." *French.*

Thanksgiving

"The Yankee Girls — Young Mayflowers of the old 'Mayflower' stock."

Here's to the day when first the Yankees acknowledged Heaven's good gifts with Thank'ees.

To the Inventor of Pumpkin Pie — God bless her.

To Full Stomachs and Merry Hearts.

To the Great American Birds: May we have them where we love them best, the Turkeys on our tables and the Eagles in our pockets.

Christmas

"The Holly Green Festival — May we never be so wholly green as to give it up."

A Christenmesse Carroll

A bone, God wot,
Sticks in my throat —
Without I have a draught
Of Cornish ale,
Nappy and stale,
My life lies in great waste,
Some ale or beer,
Gentel butlere,
Some liquor thou us shew,
Such as you mash
Our throats to wash,
The best beer that you brew.

Old English Song.

Lords by Christmas and the host
Of this mansion hear my toast —
Drink it well —
Each must drain his cup of wine,
And I the first will toss off mine:
Thus I advise,
Here then I bid you all *Wassail*
Curses on him who will not Drinkhail.

To the jolliest of all the saints, — St. Nick.

Christmas — the anomalous season when fowl murder promotes peace and good will.

Plum Pudding — Like the planet we inhabit, it is a pleasant orb to live on.

Here's to the day of good will, cold weather and warm hearts.

I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say "God bless Christmas."

Charles Dickens.

Now thrice welcome Christmas
Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plum porridge,

LITERATURE

Literature is the Thought of thinking souls.
Carlyle.

Literature is an avenue to glory, ever open to those ingenious men who are deprived of honors or of wealth.
Isaac Disraeli.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.
Sydney Smith.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. *Bacon.*

Medicine for the soul.
(*Inscription on the Library at Thebes.*)

Laws die, Books never.
Bulwer-Lytton.

The monument of vanished mindes.
Sir Wm. Davenant.

There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!
Bulwer-Lytton.

Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.

E. B. Browning.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in it.

Byron.

I had rather than forty shillings
I had my book.

Shakespeare.

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
The noble art from Cadmus took its rise
Of painting words and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wond'rous magic-fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopped the magic sound.

Brebeuf.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousand, perhaps millions, think.

Byron.

Syllables govern the world.

John Selden.

Shun, shun the Bowl,
That fatal, facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in 't.
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of ink,
Save when you write receipts for paid up bills in 't:
There may be silver in the " blue-black " — all
I know of is the iron and the gall.

Kipling.

MUSIC

If you love music, hear it.

Charles Lamb.

"*La musique, c'est le silence gaté.*"

Music arose with its voluptuous swell.

Childe Harold.

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Congreve.

Music's golden tongue.

Keats.

In his far northern home
Close by the Baltic's foam
The Wizard-of-the-Bow
Called music soft and low
From his loved violin, which seemed to hold
The soul of melody by his art bound.
He played awhile, then rested, and, behold!
The gold of silence set with pearls of sound.

French.

Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

Tennyson.

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony,
But organically I am incapable of a tune.

Lamb.

SCIENCE

Science sees signs; Poetry the thing signified.
J. C. and A. W. Hare.

Science is certainty, is truth found out.
Pope.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.
Pope.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given
But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven;
And many have striven, and many have failed,
And many died, slain by the truth they assail'd.
Owen Meredith.

TRUTH

Truth is the hiest thing that man may keep.
Chaucer.

"Let us put Truth on the throne and Wrong on the scaffold."

Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs. *Emerson.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
Keats.

There is nothing so powerful as truth, — and often nothing so strange. *Webster.*

WIT

The next best thing to being witty one's self, is to be able to quote another's wit. *Bovee.*

Wit is the salt of conversation.
Hazlitt.

Wit is the flower of the imagination.
Livy.

Wit, now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark.
Cowper.

True Wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.
Pope.

Wit and judgment are often at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
Pope.

SILENCE

Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.

Carlyle.

Not much talk — a great sweet silence.

Henry James.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is?

Longfellow.

Hoeder, the blind old god,
Whose feet are shod with silence.

Ibid.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy if I could say how much.

Much Ado About Nothing.

THE MOON

The silver-footed queen.

Homer.

"Moon, Moon, thou art happier than I,
For thou seest her, and I do not;
But last night I was happier than thou,
For I kissed her, and thou didst look on."

From the German.

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Othello.

Good even, fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

Scott.

THE ROSE

A Rose is sweter in the budde than full blowne.

John Lyly.

O beautiful, royal Rose,
O Rose so fair and sweet!
Queen of the garden art thou,
And I — the clay at thy feet!

. . . . . .

Yet, O thou beautiful Rose!
Queen Rose, so fair and sweet,
What were love or crown to thee
Without the clay at thy feet?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

"Here's to the Rose that buds and grows —
Pluck it and call it your own
For the rose may fade, and so will the maid,
If she lives too long alone."

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

Shelley.

The yellow rose leaves falling down
Pay golden toll to passing June.
Benj. F. Taylor.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
Shakespeare.

Beneath the rose's fragrant benison
We meet to-night, as in the olden time
Friends met, to drink the bright blood of the grape
And talk to one another as all friends
Should talk — in perfect confidence. So we
Over our wine the flowers' queen suspend,
As glowing emblem of our friendly trust
That each word uttered is beneath the rose.

Then 'round the handles of the loving-cup
We twine an humbler flower than the rose,
But one whose color, name, perfume thrice tell
How confidence and friendship should be held —
As sacred things should be — inviolate.
Hark! From Hawaiian Islands comes a word, —
"Aloha," — meaning "love to you," and used
As salutation, message, kindly wish,
Greeting or farewell of those near and dear.

And, so, under the rose, in violet,
Aloha, friends — we drink our love to you!

The Lees of the Wine Cup

If you'd know when you've enough
Of the punch and the claret cup
  It's time to quit the blessed stuff
When you fall down and can't get up.

CARDS

If he plays, being young and unskilful,
For shekels of silver or gold,
Take his money, my son, praising Allah:
The kid was ordained to be sold.

Kipling.

We have drunk to a blush in women,
Let us drink to a flush in cards: —
We honor the man that's straight in life, —
To the pasteboard "straight" — Regards!

The Dealer (French).

A jolly good smoke, a nicely turned joke,
A handful of trumps when at play;
A drop of old wine, champagne that is fine,
And a run of good luck from to-day.

H. G. H.

"May bad luck follow you all the days of your life and never catch you."

Here's luck to the man and luck to the hand that sometimes getteth full. *F.*

When we draw to a hand or draw to a glass may we always draw to fill. *F.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves.
Cowper.

"His card is cut — long days he shuffled through
The game of life — he dealt as others do,
Though he by honor tells not its amount,
When the last trick is played his trick will count."

"Gentlemen, the Queen!
She gazed at us serene,
She filled his flush,
Amidst the hush —
And gathered in the green."

TOBACCO

"Divine tobacco."

"Am I not — a smoker and a brother?"

What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco. *Fielding.*

Divine in hookas, glorious in pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
Most dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — Give me a cigar.

Byron.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

Lamb.

He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from heaven.

Bulwer-Lytton.

To smoke a cigar through a mouthpiece is equivalent to kissing a lady through a respirator.

A Veteran of Smokedom.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
And lap me in delight.

Chas. Sprague.

"Good is the pipe of Tobacco,
Pleasant the mild cigar,
But there is a small, sweet sinner
Dearer to me by far."

Then drink to *your* consolation
And gratefully pay *your* debt;
I drink, with inhalation,
To the Smoke-Queen: — Cigarette.

French.

Mortals say their hearts are light
When the clouds around disperse;
Clouds to gather thick as night,
Is the Smoker's universe.

From the German of Bauernfeld.

There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. *Capt. Marryat.*

"With pipe and book at close of day,
Oh! what is sweeter, mortal, say?"

Cats may have their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?

We're not as tabbies are;
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

C. S. Calverly.

Virginia for the pipe's sweet charity,
Havana for cigars to solace me;
And Turkey for the transient cigarette —
Was all I learned of my geography.

Peace to the pipe that silent infidel,
Whose spiral twisted coils discretion spell!
How many kisses has he seen me give,
How many take — and yet he will not tell.

Wallace Irwin.

When money's plentiful to buy,
Whate'er I want when I am dry,
What makes the drink go swimmingly?
Tobacco.

Tobacco, I do assert, without fear of contradiction from the Avon Skylark, is the most soothing, sovereign and precious weed that ever our dear old mother Earth tendered to the use of man! Let him who would contradict that most mild, but sincere and enthusiastic assertion, look to his undertaker. Sir Walter, Your health!

Ben Jonson to Raleigh in the Mermaid Tavern.

And when my love her cigarette
Lights up, while I my good pipe get,
What keeps us loving comrades yet?
Tobacco.

TO OLD CHEESE

"*Caseus est nequam quia digerit omnia aequam.*"

Every gentleman Ports with his cheese.

Brummel.

To Roquefort

O Roquefort! we accept thee,
With no dissenting note,
As Nature's sole apology
For having made the goat.

The Bon Vivant (*French*).

To Camembert

Soft, aromatic, ammoniacal, —
Angelic half, half demoniacal; —
We pledge thee, Camembert,
The Rare:
Thou apotheosis of decay.

The Gourmet (*French*).

To Limburger

The rankest compound of villainous smell
That ever offended nostril.

Shakespeare.

Ne pour la digestion.

Un beau diner sans vieux fromage est une jolie femme à qui il manque un oeil.

Brilliat Savarin.

The Beau hath said it; so, in Port we drink
To thee, thou ripe, o'er ripe and mould-encased
Thing from which, ere we learn thy joys, we shrink —
Divinely awful, cultivated taste.

The All-Mitey (French).

Thou rank offense, thou dead and damnèd thing,
Thou smell'st to heaven! My abhorrent nose,
Curling with horror, breathes a choking curse
Upon thy vile effluvium. My gorge
Rises affrighted in the poisoned air.
Avaunt Pollution, — loathly, viscid crime!
Go, buy eftsoon a burial permit,
And hide thy noisome carcase under ground:
In water I drink thy requiescat!
"Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs."

The Sexton (French).

THE DEVIL

Here's to the girl by whom we swear
In the hottest of all hot phrases;
Come, join in the toast all ye that dare —
Here's a health to Helen Blazes!

French.

The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.

Shakespeare.

That your manners are courtly and charming
Is as sure as that day follows night,
For we know that "The Imp o' darkness
Can never be Imp o' light."

So, we drink to you and your daughter, —
Eliza, we drink to your eyes,
To you and your popper, dear charmer, —
To Lize and the Father of Lies!

The Punster (*French*).

Ne faites pas le diable plus noir qu'il n'est.

Proverbs.

A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in it.

Shakespeare.

To Beelzebub, — the first school-master, the author of a much needed dress-reform movement, and the discoverer of apple-sauce.

French.

When you are dead sure which place you are going to, it is well to have a friend in each, as the old woman said when she placed a taper before the picture of Saint Michael and another in front of the dragon he was treading on.

We've drunk to the gods, to women, to men,
We have toasted the witty and wise,
We have poured libations to tongue and pen,
To love and to beauty's eyes;
We have drunk to age, we have drunk to youth,
To fame and folly and lies and truth,
To virtue (and vice in her garb, forsooth,
When we drank to the law of claw and tooth),
To mirth and the joy of the revel;
To birth and death, to the quick and the dead,
To water and wine, to the salt and bread;
But here is a health that's been left unsaid: —
With our *warmest* regards — the Devil!

The Diplomatist (*French*).

A Buccaneer Toast

To the fiend of the Seven Seas,
To the print of the Dead Man's Thumb;
To a curse at death with a dying breath,
Here's death in a draught of rum.

To the Dead in the Dismal Sea,
To the Bleaching Bones on the Beach,
To a hate-born stroke of the valiant folk
And the tunes that the sea can teach.

Here's the sea, for her gray clutch has got ye,
May her salt kisses poison and rot ye,
By the soul of the beast that begot ye,
Here's the Sea!

To a slash at the heart of a Don,
To the Port that never may be,
Drink deep to the Ghosts of the Spanish Hosts,
Who loom in the mists of the sea!

Here's to Hell, toss it off in a quaff, lads,
Drink the health of the Devil and laugh, lads,
Pledge the tale of the Wheat and the Chaff, lads,
Here's to Hell!

Eugene R. White.

THE DAY AFTER

Here's to the good time I must have had.

I wish that my room had a floor;
I don't so much care for a door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be such a bore.

Burgess.

"'A wet night maketh a dry morning,'
Quoth Hendyng, 'rede ye right;
And the cure most fair is the self-same hair
Of the dog that gave the bite.'"

Punderson.

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;
Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard gray leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Kipling.

THE DAY AFTER

R-e-m-o-r-s-e,
Those dry Martinis were too much for me,
Last night I really felt immense,
To-day I feel like thirty cents;
It is no time for mirth and laughter
In the cold gray dawn of the morning after.

George Ade.

He is not drunk who, from the floor,
Can rise again and drink some more;
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,
And cannot drink or cannot rise.

Boy, why so slow in coming with that gracious, saving cup?
Oh, haste thee to the succor of the man who is burning up!
See how the ice bobs up and down, as if it wildly strove
To reach its grace to the wretch who feels like a red-hot kitchen stove!
The piteous clinks it clinks methinks should thrill you through and through:
An erring soul is wanting drink, and he wants it p. d. q.!
And, lo! the honest pitcher, too, falls in so dire a fret
That its pallid form is presently bedewed with a chilly sweat.

Eugene Field.

Oh, think of the moment when conscience returning,
Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to flight;
When the tongue shall be parched and the brow shall be burning,
When the toast shall be tough and the tea shall be bitter,
And even at breakfast this thought will return:
A little cold brandy and soda were fitter
For such occasion than animal food.

Calverly.

Nose, Nose, Nose, Nose!
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Sinamon and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

Ravenscroft.

The Lie — "An abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble."

The Flask — A pocket's pistol that should always be loaded and always at the safety-notch.

The Corkscrew — A useful key to unlock the store-house of wit, the treasury of laughter, the front-door of fellowship, and the gate of pleasant folly.

French.

He that sips often at last drinks it up.

Cowper.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;
Not cold enough for whiskey hot, but too damn cold for
beer."

"Here's to your health — a long life and an aisy death to you."

"To the most perfect gentleman I ever saw: He turned his back on me — while I poured myself a drink from his own decanter."

Here's to a bird, a bottle and an open-work stocking: —
There's nothing in this that's so very shocking;
The bird came from Jersey, the bottle from France,
The openwork stocking was seen at a dance.

Unknown.

THE MEN WHO LOST

When you've toasted all the Captains
That have sailed the ship of Right
And have bowed before the laurel crown of them that won the fight,
Here's then another health I name — the vessel tempest tost,
Drink to the ships that went astray!
Drink to the men who lost!
Their name? Their name is legion, their names you never knew;
They would not rise again from shame to take the crown of you;
For what avails the homage of the teeming street and mart,
The statue in the market-place, when worms are at the heart?
A better song is in their ears than ever victor heard,
A higher praise is in their hearts than any gilded word,
They have learned the final lesson, though to their eternal cost,
The men who lived and suffered, the man who loved and lost,
Through all the world they wander, these outcasts at your gate;

They have done with all your customs and they preach
the word of hate.
Yet are we kin of you, and once at least our paths have
crossed,
Then pledge us now — Drink deep and long — Stand
up — The man who lost.

Unknown.

"Here's to the man who loses
If his loss is another's gain,
For bad luck sharpens ambition,
And success often striving heals pain."

THE UNDER DOG

I know that the world, the great big world
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell
And a different song to sing:
But for me, I care not a single fig
If they think I am wrong or I'm right;
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, the great big world,
Will never a moment stop
To ask which dog may be at fault,
But will shout for the dog on top:
But for me, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
But my heart will beat while it beats at all
For the under dog in the fight.
Perchance what I've said were better unsaid,
Or 'twere better I said it incog;
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's luck to the bottom dog. *Barker.*

"Here's to the rich, God bless 'em! And here's to the poor, Damn 'em! They're used to work: Let 'em."

TO MORPHEUS

Qui dort dine.

Proverbe.

In days of old the night-cap
Was worn outside the head:
Let's put ours in the inside,
And then — let's go to bed.

The Sleeper (*French*).

Let us drink to the God of Slumber,
To his heaven of soft delight;
And care that the heart doth cumber
Shall drown in the glass. Good Night!

The Owl (*French*).

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

Gude Nicht.

"To each and all a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers bright."

Sir Walter Scott.

O bed! O bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head!

"Good night, and heaven send you happy dreams."

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Othello.

Once in a dream 'twas granted unto me,
The open Gates of Paradise to see;
While Israfel, loud chanted from the void,
This vision comes of Pie, not piety.
Wallace Irwin.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.
Samuel Daniel.

Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber.
Byron.

Night drew her sable curtain down
And pinned it with a star.

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things.
Milton.

O radiant Dark! O darkly fostered ray!
Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.
George Eliot.

MORPHEUS

The night is come! On the hills above
Her dusky hair she hath shaken free.

Owen Meredith.

"Let's make a night of it."

DEATH

Unto the Kingdom of perpetual night.
Shakespeare.

Wise men I hold those rakes of old,
Who, as we read in antique story,
When lyres were struck and wine was poured,
Set the white Death's Head on the board —
Memento Mori.

Love well! love truly! and love fast!
True love evades the dilatory.
Life's bloom flares like a meteor past;
A joy so dazzling cannot last —
Memento Mori.
John Hay.

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty glass.
Omar Khayyam.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Longfellow.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

Omar Khayyam.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Requmque turres. *Q. Horatii Flacci.*

Here's to Death, because Death will give me one last bier.

F.

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have to prize.
A cup to the dead already, —
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Bartholomew Dowling.

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow,
You shall, perhaps, not do't to-morrow;
Best while you have it use your breath;
There's no drinking after death.

The Bloody Brother.

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine,
And he cares for nothing! a King is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me.
With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

William Winter.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

Omar Khayyam.

Ah, make we the most of what we may yet spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer and sans End.

Ibid.

And when me to my grave you're bringing
Then follow after man by man,
Let no sad funeral bells be ringing,
But tinkling glasses be your plan;
And on my tombstone be inscribed
"That man was born, lived, drank and died
And now he lies there, who imbibed
In all life's joy the purple tide."

The Drunkard's Death

Beside the bed of the dying man,
Another wreck of the "Demon Rum,"
The good priest, seeking a soul to save,
Strove to turn his thoughts to Kingdom Come.

"Hast thou no fear of the vast unknown
Where thy soul is about to be hurled?"
But the sinner grinned, "I've always longed
For a life in the Spirit World."

French.

AT PARTING

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
A sound which makes us linger; yet — farewell.

Byron.

It's hard for you-uns and we-uns;
It's hard for we-uns to part;
It's hard for you-uns and we-uns,
'Cause you-uns has we-uns's heart.

Anon.

Then one last glass let us drink together: —
To friendship, which, spite of wind or weather,
Absence or time, other bond or tether,
Shall cling, as flock the birds of a feather.
Till we meet again!

The Ornithologist (*French*).

Oh! I feel it cheer my heart
'Tis a sin so soon to start —
Let us drink before we part
A health to thine and mine.

E. Gregory.

"Friendly may we part and quickly meet again."

AT PARTING

If the ocean were a goblet
And all its salt seas wine,
I would drink it to you, darlin',
Ere you cross the foamy brine;
For then you couldn't cross it,
But would have to stay on land
Till the walkin' should get better,
And we'd cross it hand in hand.

The Pedestrian (*French*).

Until we meet again under the rose.

"To the whole wide world, lest some 'deed' fool thinks he's forgot."

WAES HAEL

A HEALTH, O reader, and 'tis our adieu:
Good luck, good health, good fortune wait on you.
Over the wine please note our loving look:—
Waes Hael! Hoch! Skoal! Prosit! Buy the book.

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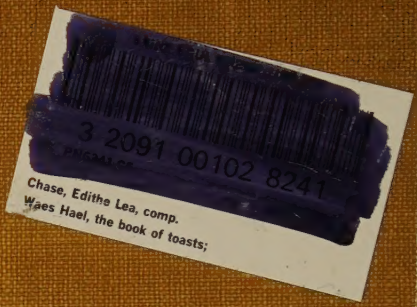
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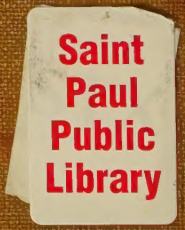
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